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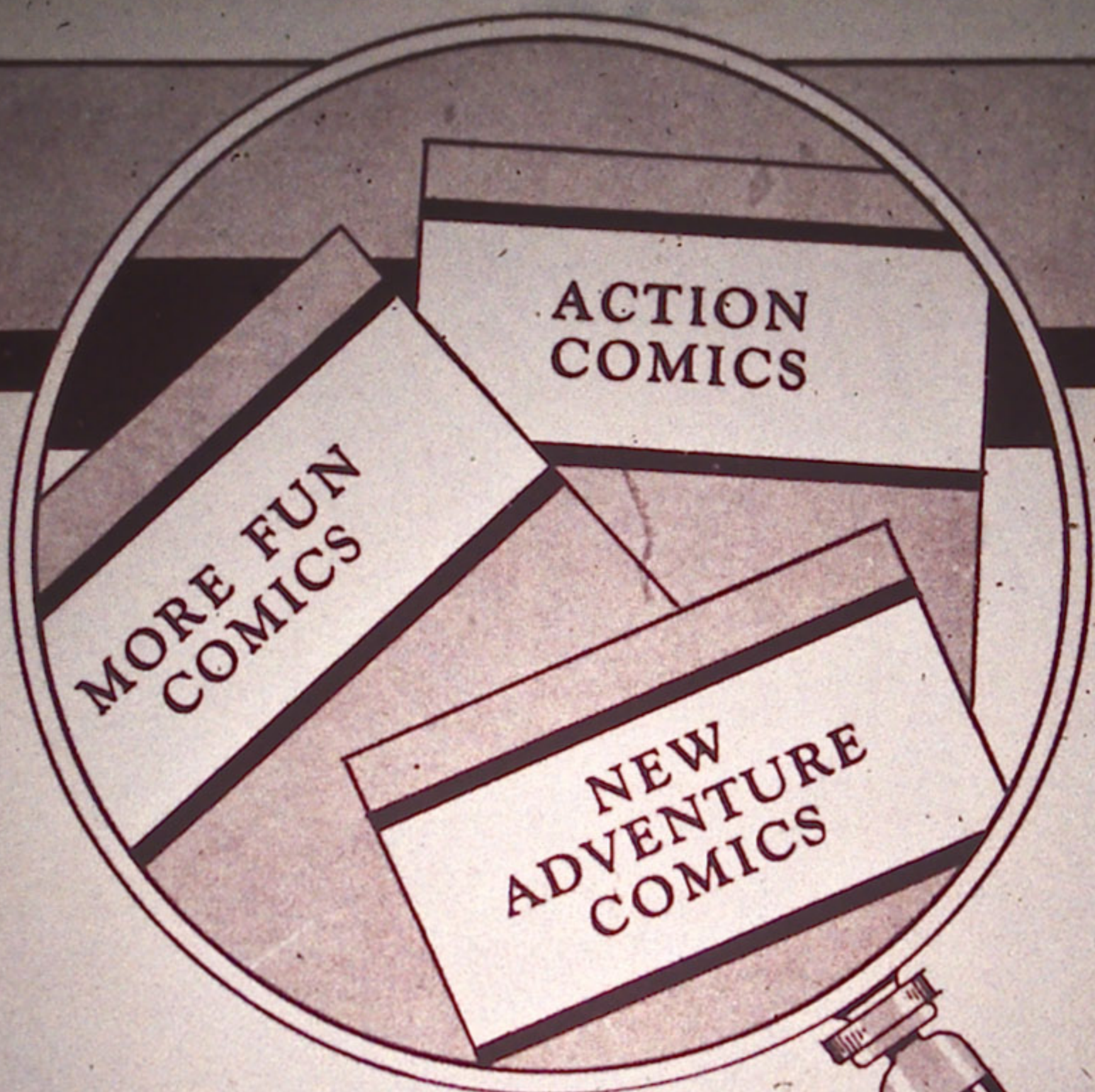
PAGES
OF
THRILLS!

SEPTEMBER, 1938

Detective COMICS

10¢





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DETECTIVE COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN
Editor

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SPEED SAUNDERS

ACE INVESTIGATOR
AND THE

GROGAN CASE

BY FRED GUARDINEER



A BAND OF CLEVER COUNTERFEITERS HAS BEEN PREYING ON SMALL STORE OWNERS IN NEW YORK'S LOWER EAST SIDE. MOST OF THEM HAVE BEEN TOO FRIGHTENED BY GANGSTERS TO PROTEST, BUT ONE DAY...



COUPLE PACKS OF CIGARETTES, AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!



DO YOU THINK IT'S HOT MONEY? HERE, GIVE IT BACK AND I'LL GO SOMEWHERE ELSE!



PARDON ME, SIR BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL!



SKIP IT IT'S OKAY!

GET ME SPEED SAUNDERS - YES, AT ONCE!



IN ANSWER TO THE CALL SPEED SAUNDERS BRINGS THE FORCES OF THE LAW TO COMBAT THE COUNTERFEITERS...

THEY ARE TEN DOLLAR BILLS LARGE ENOUGH, YET NOT TOO LARGE TO AROUSE SUSPICION IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND THESE THUGS GET AWAY WITH THIS BY TERRORIZING US!



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! ONE OF THEM IS DAVE GROGAN, EH? HANGS OUT AT THE BANTAM CLUB? I'LL GET GOING THERE AT ONCE!

AND THAT NIGHT
AT THE BANTAM
CLUB, A
GAMBLING
JOINT,
SPEED
PLAYS CARDS
WITH DAVE
GROGAN

I'LL
TAKE
TWO!

RIGHT!

RAISE YOU
TEN!

SPEED SEES THE TEN-
SPOT AND DETERMINES
TO GET
THEM
ALL...

RAISE
YOU
TEN!

I SAW YOU
PULL THAT
CARD!

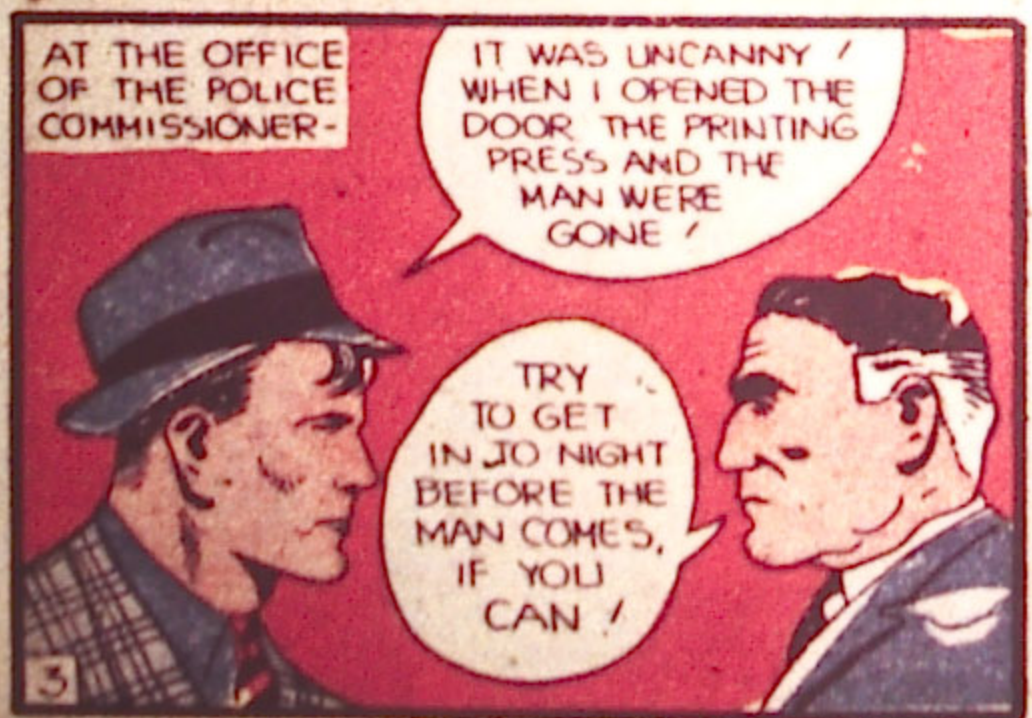
★SOCK!★

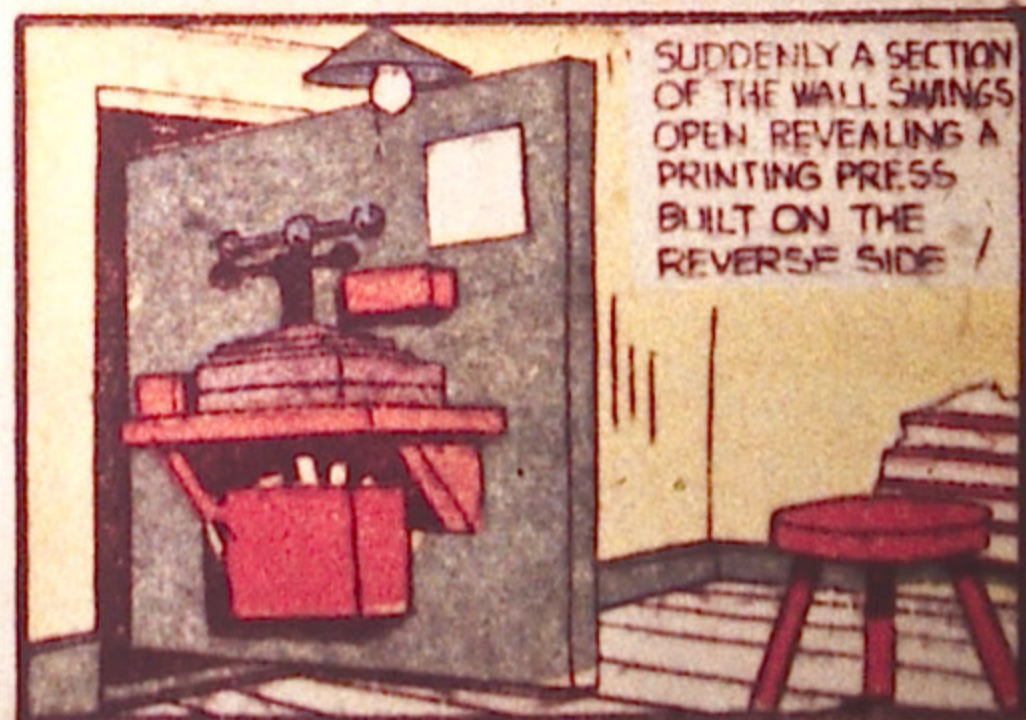
I'LL SEE
IF HE'S GOT
ANY MORE OF
THOSE "TENS"
IN HIS
WALLET!

TAKE IT EASY
AND NOBODY
WILL GET
HURT!

LATER AT THE
POLICE
COMMISSIONER'S...

IT
SHAPES UP
DAVE GROGAN
PASSES OUT THE
THE BILLS, BUT
WHO SUPPLIES
THEM?





SO THAT'S HOW THEY DO IT,
EH? A SWINGING PANEL
THAT WORKS AUTOMATICALLY
WHEN THE DOOR OPENS
UNEXPECTEDLY!



WHO'S IN
BACK OF ALL THIS?
DON'T TELL ME
DAVE GROGAN. HE'S
YOUR CONTACT MAN.
I WANT THE
BIG BOSS!

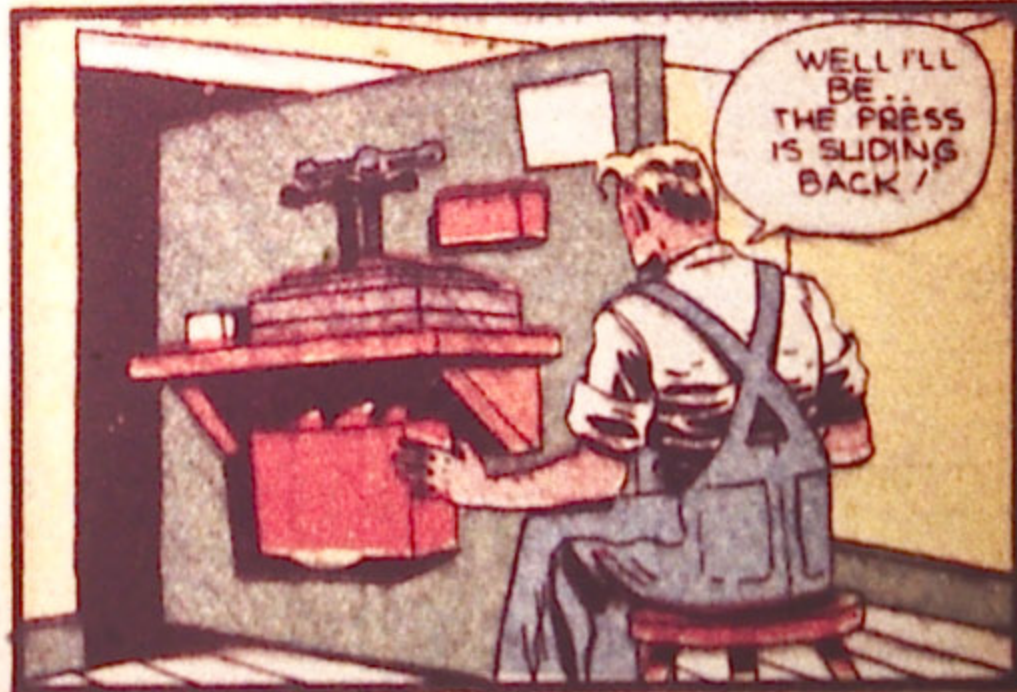
I DON'T
KNOW HIM. I
GET MY ORDERS
FROM DAVE
GROGAN!



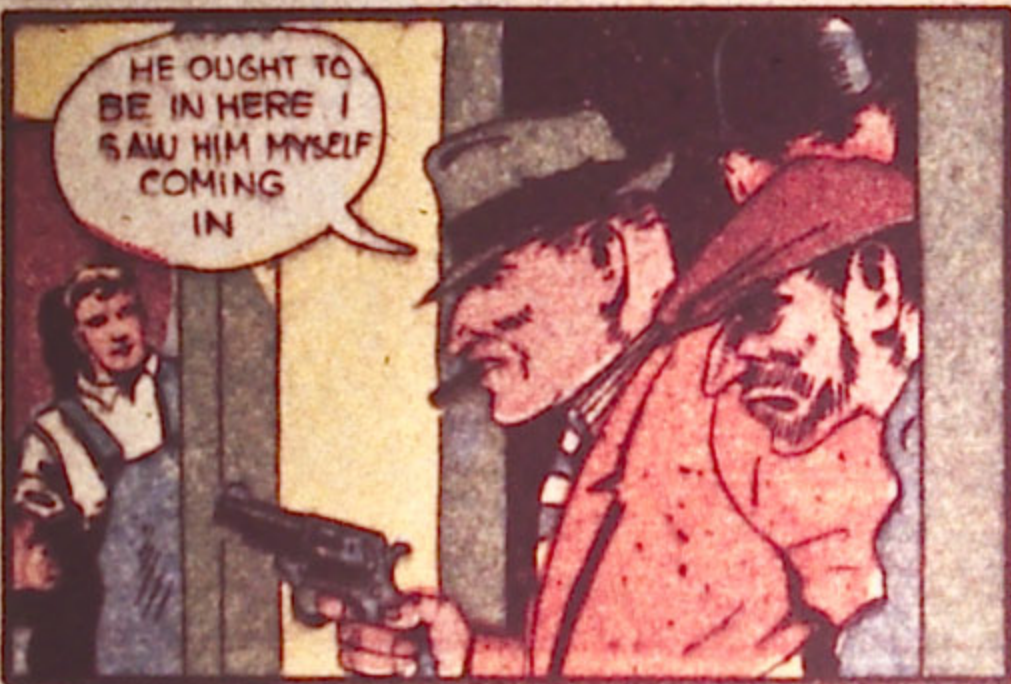
THAT LOCKED CLOSET
WILL HOLD THAT
FELLA NOW IF
ONLY I CAN
MEET SOME
OF HIS
CRONIES!



WELL I'LL
BE...
THE PRESS
IS SLIDING
BACK!



HE OUGHT TO
BE IN HERE. I
SAW HIM MYSELF
COMING
IN



IT'S THE COPPER-
GET HIM!

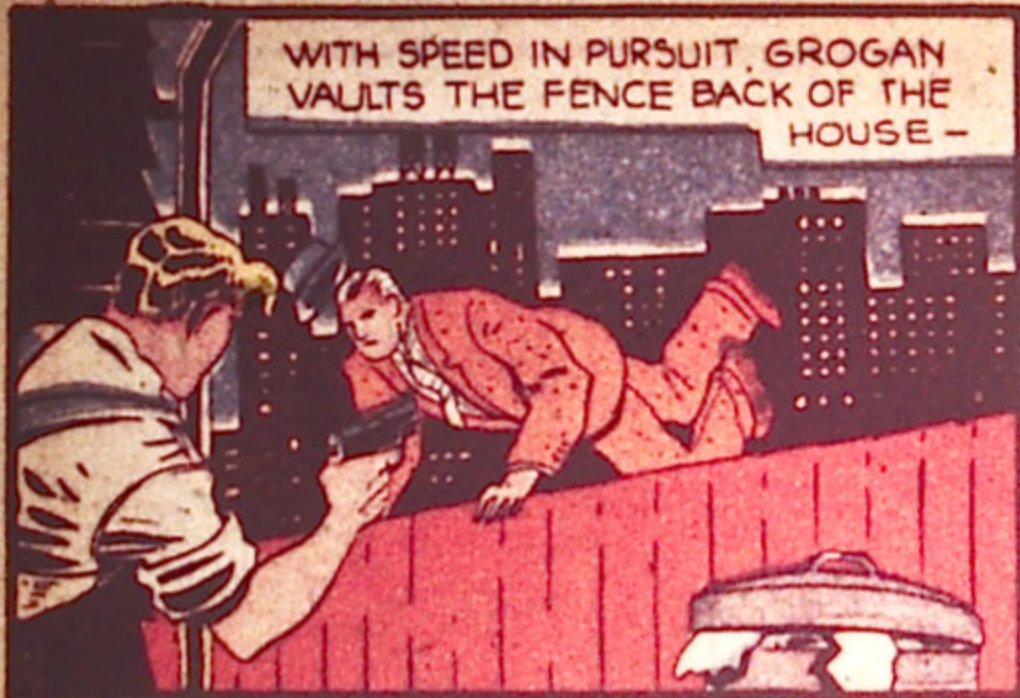
UP WITH
'EM!



NO YOU
DON'T
GROGAN!



WITH SPEED IN PURSUIT, GROGAN
VAULTS THE FENCE BACK OF THE
HOUSE -



AND THE CHASE CONTINUES ALONG THE SIDEWALK -

WAIT
'TIL I
GET MY
HANDS
ON GUS -



TO THE DOORWAY OF THE SHOPKEEPER WHO
CALLED SPEED IN ON THE CASE

STATIONARY

THE
LIGHT'S UP -
HE'S
IN!



WELL, GUS, I GUESS
I GOT HERE
JUST IN TIME!



YOU SURE DID, COPPER. I
SUPPOSE GUS HERE DIDN'T
KNOW I WAS ON TO HIS
GAME - GETTING YOU INTO
THIS SO YOU WOULD RUN ME
IN AND GET ME OUT OF GUS'
WAY. I WAS GETTING TOO
POWERFUL EH GUS? WELL



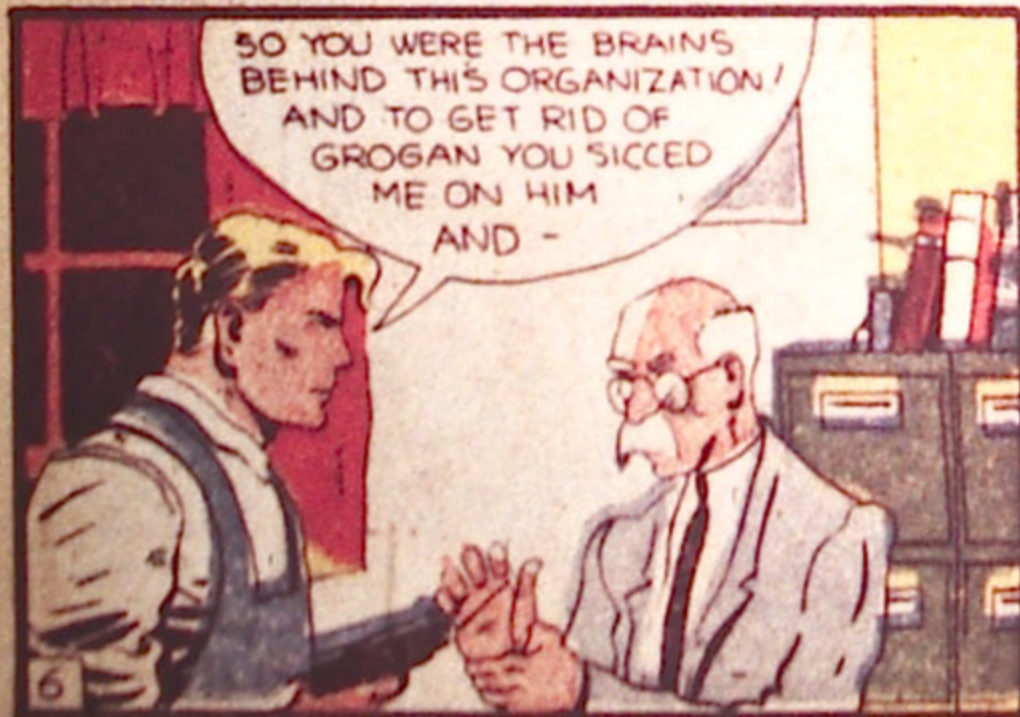
TAKE THAT -
OW-W---

BANG

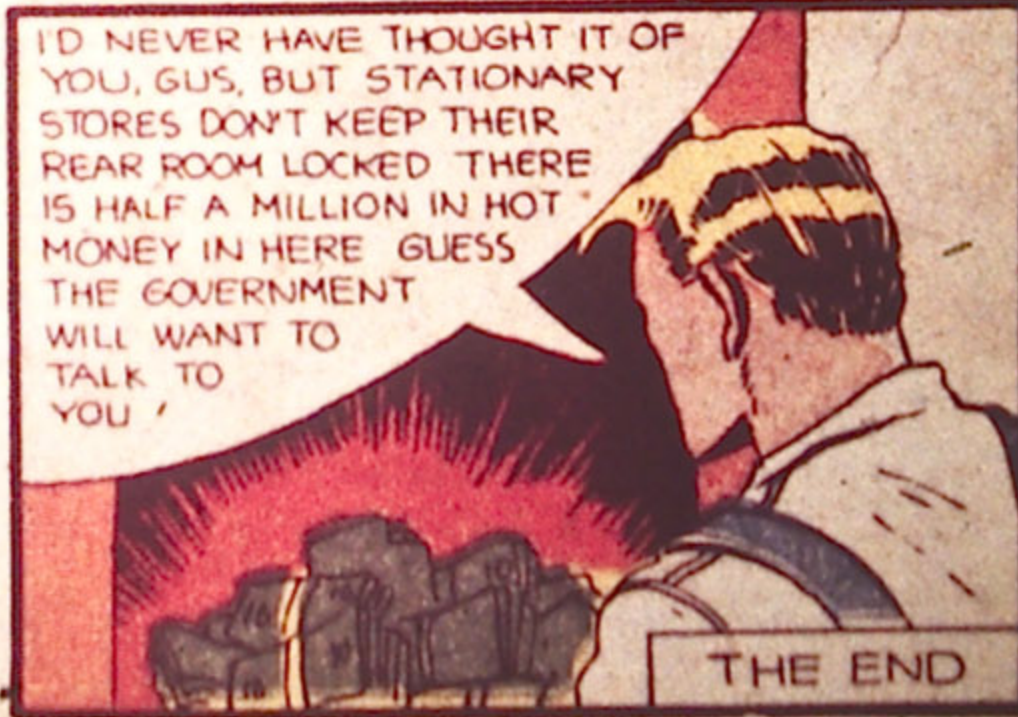
BAM
BOOM



SO YOU WERE THE BRAINS
BEHIND THIS ORGANIZATION!
AND TO GET RID OF
GROGAN YOU SICKED
ME ON HIM
AND -



I'D NEVER HAVE THOUGHT IT OF
YOU, GUS, BUT STATIONARY
STORES DON'T KEEP THEIR
REAR ROOM LOCKED. THERE
IS HALF A MILLION IN HOT
MONEY IN HERE. GUESS
THE GOVERNMENT
WILL WANT TO
TALK TO
YOU!



THE END

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ALPHONSE POLLER

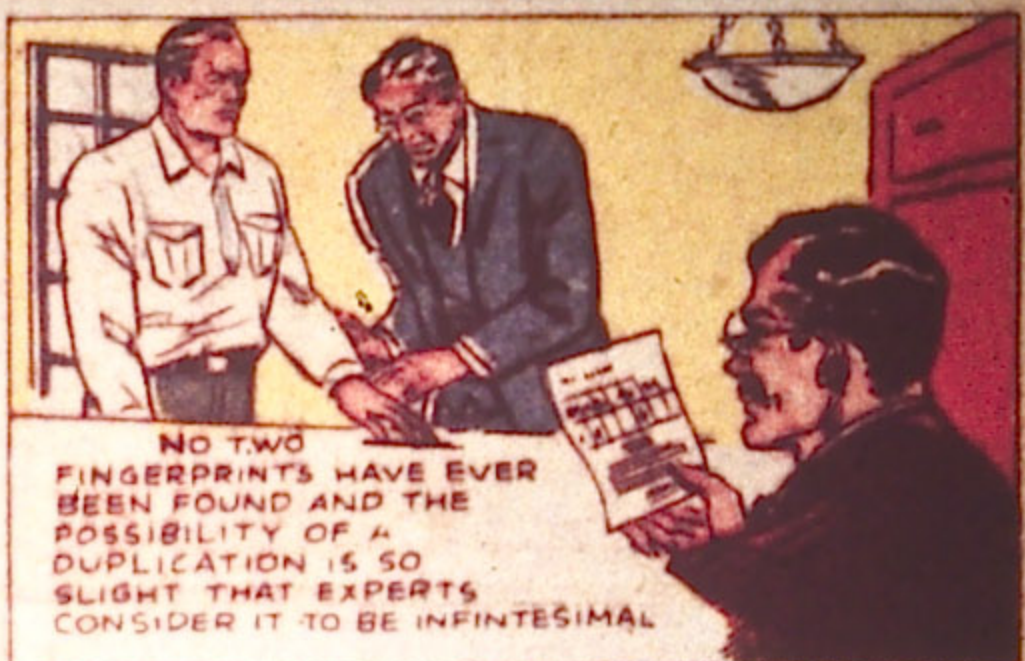
MOULAGE CASTS ARE VALUABLE AIDS IN DETECTION WORK!

MOULAGE IS ONE OF THE GREATEST AIDS TO SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION. THE SYSTEM OF USING THIS GUM SUBSTANCE OF HOMINIT WAS INVENTED BY ALPHONSE POLLER AND IS NOW USED BY PROGRESSIVE CRIME FIGHTERS EVERYWHERE TO PRESERVE PERMANENTLY PERISHABLE BITS OF CRIMINAL EVIDENCE SUCH AS FOOTPRINTS IN MUD AND DUST OR TEETH MARKS IN CANDY AND FRUIT. THE CRUDER METHOD OF USING PLASTER CASTS FOR SIMILAR PURPOSES HAS BEEN DISCARDED AND THIS MODERN SYSTEM HAS COME INTO UNIVERSAL USE.



DON VICENT

THERE ARE ABOUT 588,000 ARMED CRIMINALS AND THUGS IN THE UNITED STATES ACCORDING TO THE F. B. I. STATISTICS. THIS IS ABOUT TWICE THE NUMBER OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

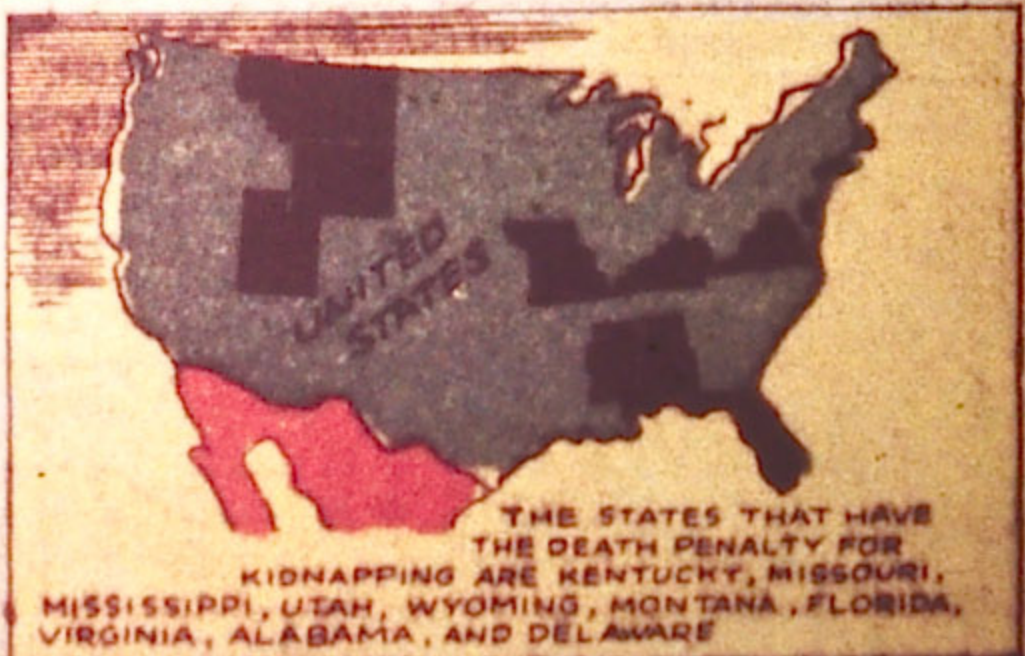


NO TWO FINGERPRINTS HAVE EVER BEEN FOUND AND THE POSSIBILITY OF A DUPLICATION IS SO SLIGHT THAT EXPERTS CONSIDER IT TO BE INFINITESIMAL



"T-MEN"

OR TREASURY DEPARTMENT AGENTS INCLUDE MEMBERS OF SEVEN DIVISIONS WHOSE DUTIES IT IS TO ENFORCE FEDERAL LAWS. THEY ARE: THE SECRET SERVICE, BUREAU OF NARCOTICS, COAST GUARD, ALCOHOL TAX UNIT OF THE INTERNAL REVENUE, CUSTOMS, ALCOHOL TAX BUREAU, AND THE INTELLIGENCE UNIT OF THE INTERNAL REVENUE DEPARTMENT.



THE STATES THAT HAVE THE DEATH PENALTY FOR KIDNAPPING ARE KENTUCKY, MISSOURI, MISSISSIPPI, UTAH, WYOMING, MONTANA, FLORIDA, VIRGINIA, ALABAMA, AND DELAWARE

INSPECTOR KENT OF SCOTLAND YARD

By
*George
MORRISON*

HELLO, INSPECTOR KENT?---
THIS IS DR. RONALD WAINWRIGHT
SPEAKING---MY NEWLY PERFECTED
FORMULA FOR INVISIBILITY HAS
BEEN STOLEN! PLEASE
COME TO
MY HOUSE
AT ONCE!



WHEN DID YOU FIND
THE FORMULA
MISSING?

JUST BEFORE
I TELEPHONED
YOU---MY TRUSTED
LABORATORY AIDE,
HENRY ADAMS, HAS
ALSO VANISHED!



A
SHORT
TIME
LATER
INSPECTOR
KENT
ARRIVES!

THUMP!
THUMP!

SOMEONE ELSE
IS IN THIS HOUSE
BESIDE US---WE
WILL SEE WHO
IT IS!



KENT AND DR. WAINWRIGHT ENTER THE
LABORATORY WHERE THE THUMPING
SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM---

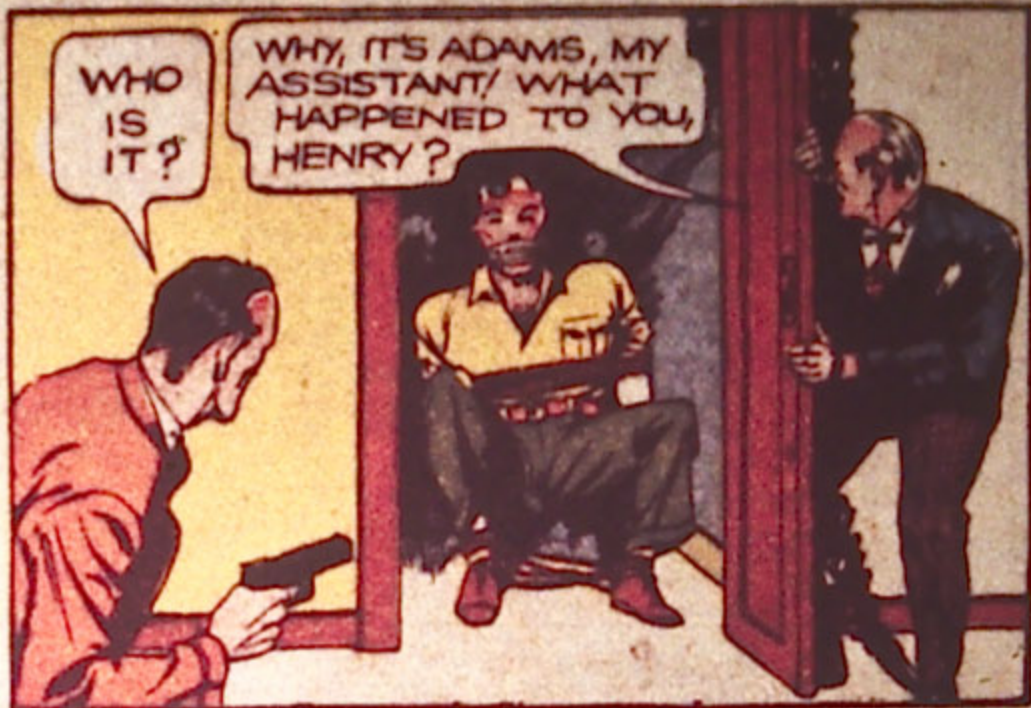
THE SOUND
STOPPED!

THERE IT IS AGAIN--
FROM BEHIND THAT
DOOR---I'LL COVER
YOU DOCTOR,
OPEN IT!



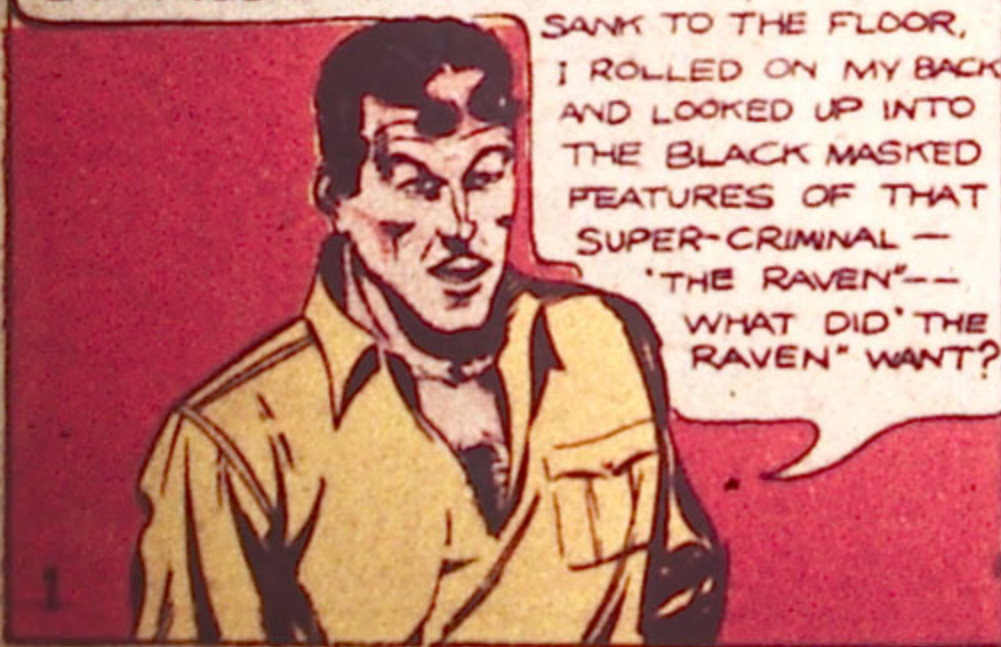
WHO
IS
IT?

WHY, IT'S ADAMS, MY
ASSISTANT! WHAT
HAPPENED TO YOU,
HENRY?



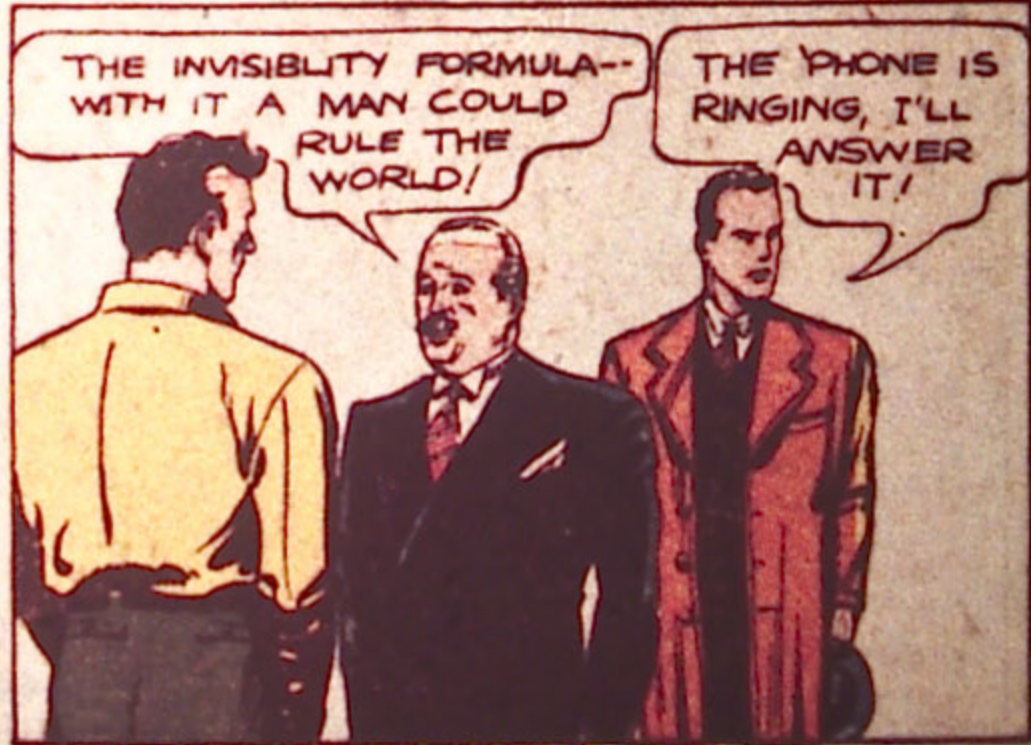
I WAS CLEANING THE LAB WHEN A SUBTLE
GAS ROBBED ME OF MY SENSES, AS I

SANK TO THE FLOOR,
I ROLLED ON MY BACK
AND LOOKED UP INTO
THE BLACK MASKED
FEATURES OF THAT
SUPER-CRIMINAL --
'THE RAVEN'---
WHAT DID 'THE
RAVEN' WANT?



THE INVISIBILITY FORMULA--
WITH IT A MAN COULD
RULE THE
WORLD!

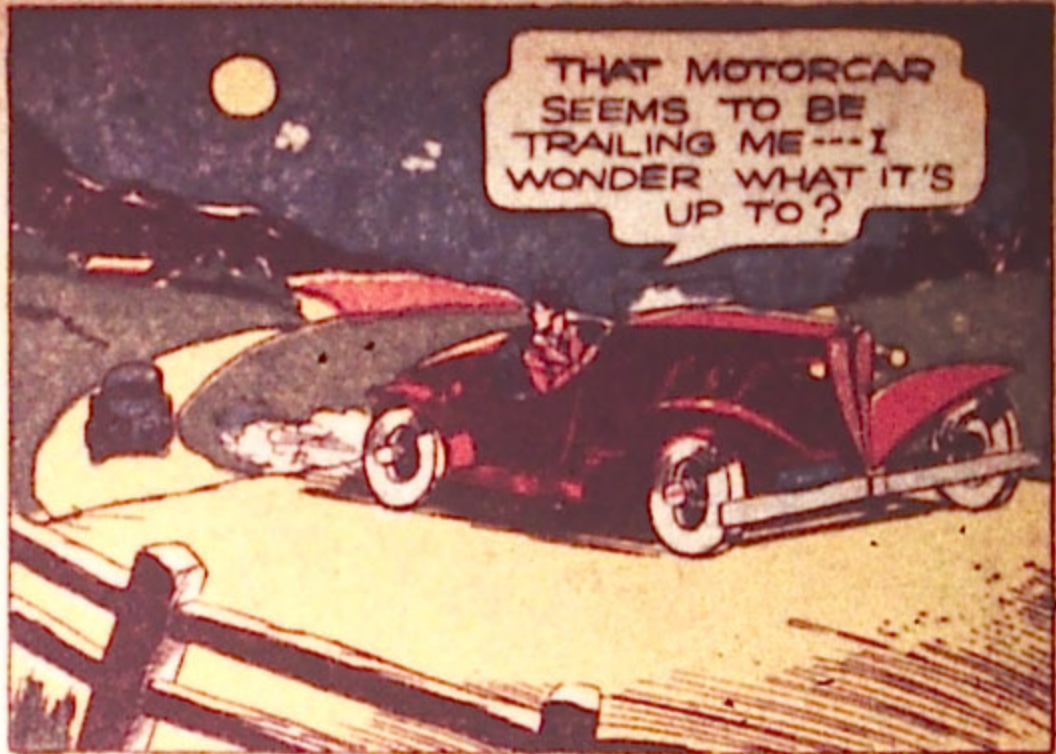
THE PHONE IS
RINGING, I'LL
ANSWER
IT!



YES, THIS IS INSPECTOR KENT---WHAT YOU'VE CAUGHT "THE RAVEN"? GOOD, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



THAT MOTORCAR SEEMS TO BE TRAILING ME---I WONDER WHAT IT'S UP TO?



I PITY THE POOR BLOKE WHAT THINKS 'E KIN OUTSMART "THE RAVEN"

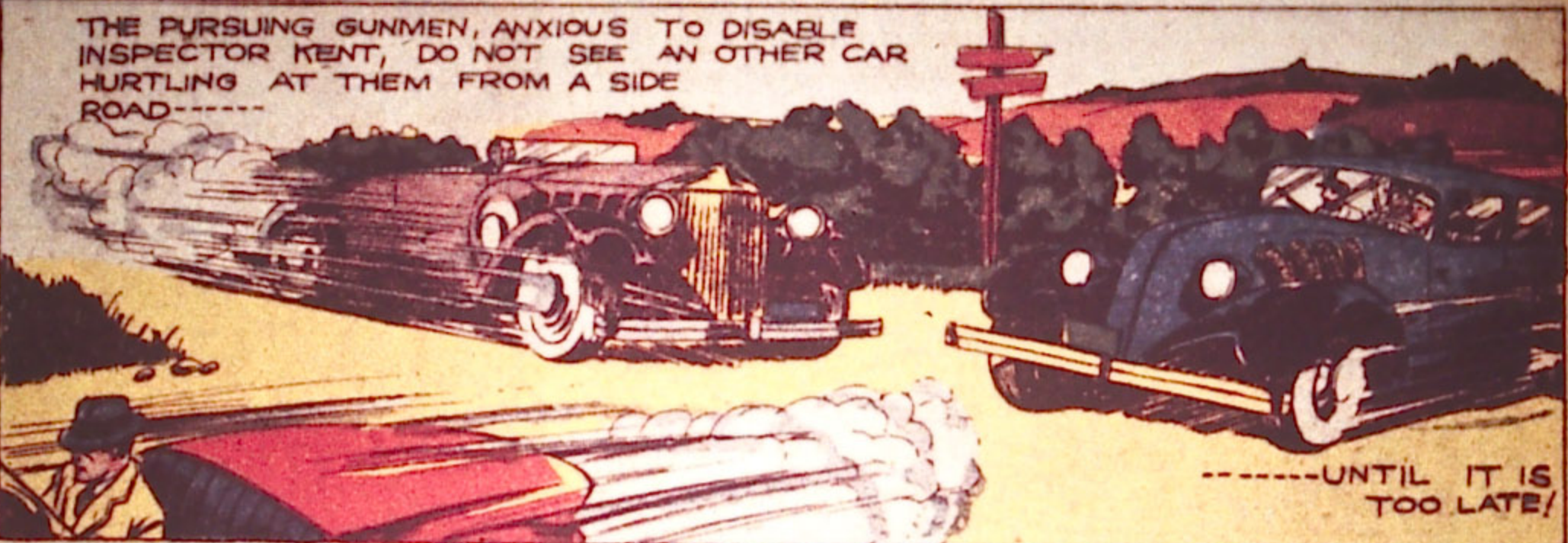
WHEN WE GET CLOSER--- LET 'IM 'AVE IT!



THEY ARE AFTER ME---- AND COMING FAST---NO DOUBT THEY'RE "THE RAVEN'S" MEN



THE PURSUING GUNMEN, ANXIOUS TO DISABLE INSPECTOR KENT, DO NOT SEE AN OTHER CAR HURLING AT THEM FROM A SIDE ROAD-----

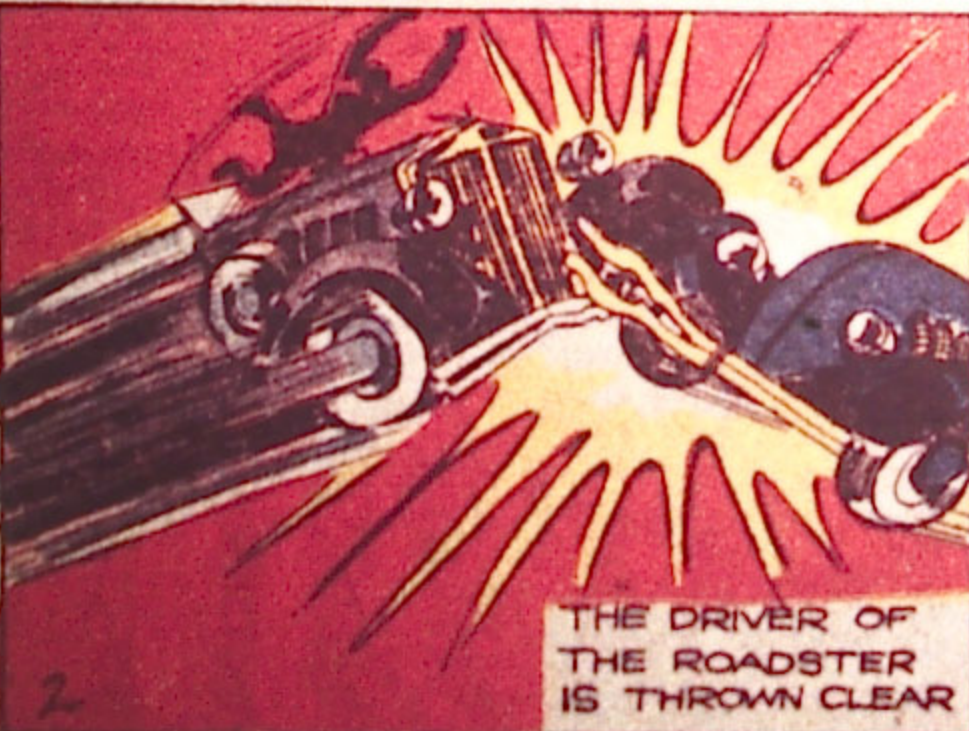


-----UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE!

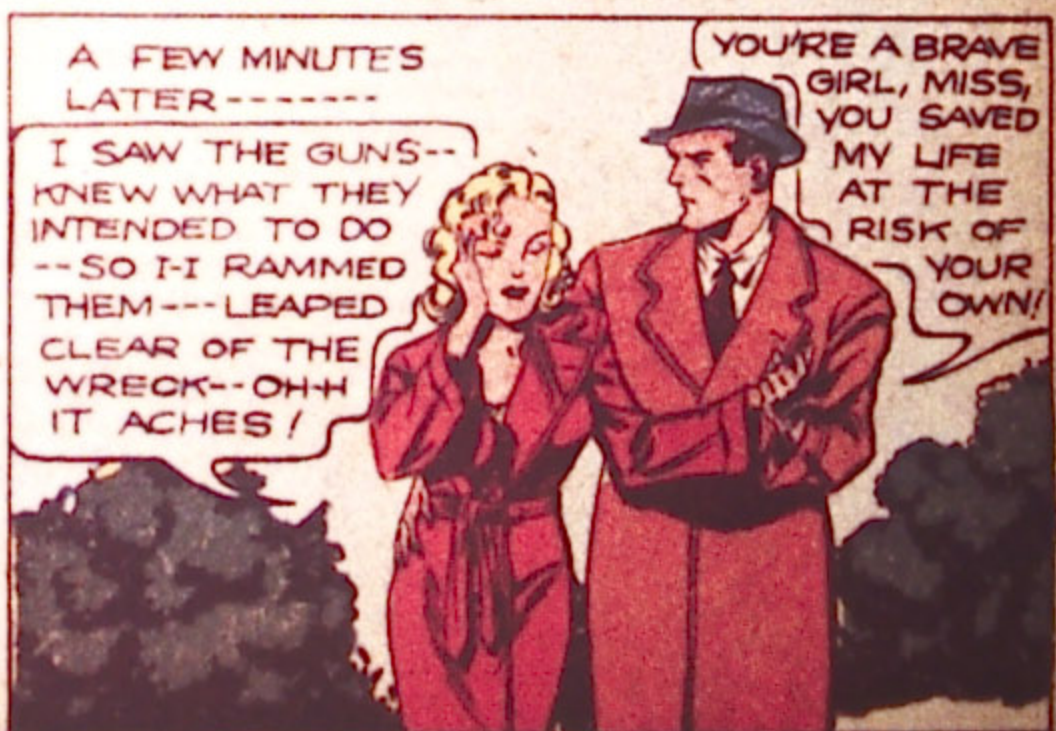
A FEW MINUTES LATER-----

I SAW THE GUNS-- KNEW WHAT THEY INTENDED TO DO --SO I-I RAMMED THEM---LEAPED CLEAR OF THE WRECK--OH--H IT ACHES!

(YOU'RE A BRAVE GIRL, MISS, YOU SAVED MY LIFE AT THE RISK OF YOUR OWN!)



THE DRIVER OF THE ROADSTER IS THROWN CLEAR



THE INSPECTOR CONTINUES HIS TRIP TO SCOTLAND YARD ACCOMPANIED BY HIS RESCUER, WENDY FOSTER!

I MUST GET TO HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE, MISS FOSTER, FROM THERE I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU GET HOME SAFELY!

I'M IN NO GREAT HASTE INSPECTOR KENT--- I'VE REALLY HAD A VERY INTERESTING EVENING!



AT SCOTLAND YARD-----

WOULD YOU MIND TERRIBLY IF I WERE TO GO IN WITH YOU, I'M REALLY INTERESTED!

TAG ALONG IF YOU WANT TO, BUT I'M IN A HURRY!



WHAT DELAYED YOU KENT? ER--NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW--COME WITH ME, YOU'LL SEE 'THE RAVEN' WITH HIS FEATHERS PLUCKED!

BY THE WAY, THIS IS MISS FOSTER SHE SAVED MY LIFE!



BUT COLONEL, THIS CAN'T BE ---ALGY HAWKS, A SMALL-TIME PICKPOCKET, 'THE RAVEN'?

OF COURSE HE ISN'T 'THE RAVEN'! I'D KNOW HIM AT ONCE--- HE SWINDELED MY FATHER OUT OF FOUR MILLION DOLLARS!



HIS NERVES SHATTERED BY THE CONSTANT THOUGHT OF HIS FORMULA FOR INVISIBILITY IN EVIL HANDS, DR. WAINWRIGHT MIXES A SLEEPING POTION---HE RAISES THE GLASS TO HIS LIPS, WHEN SUDDENLY



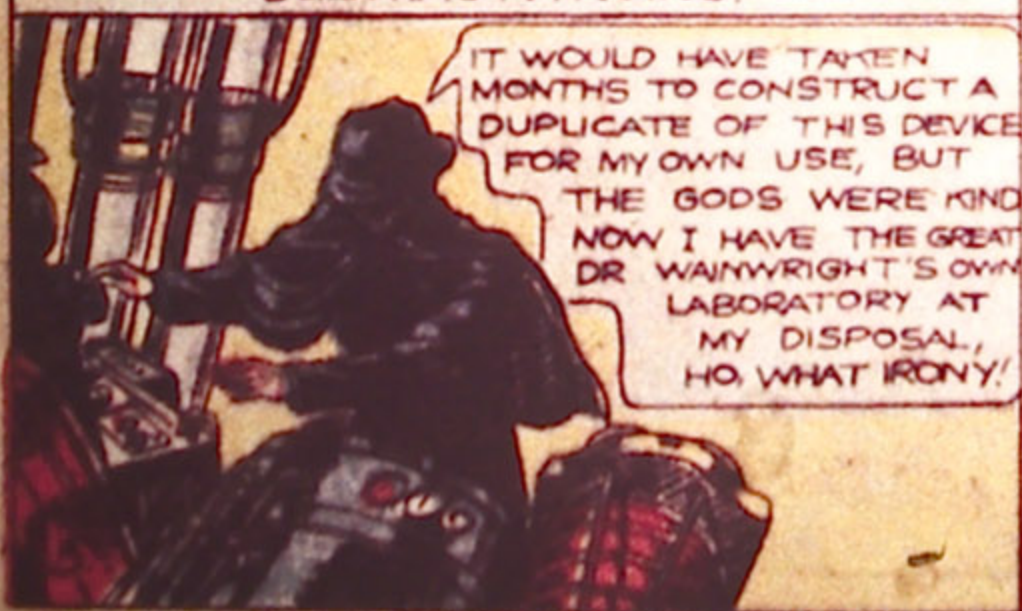
--A SHOT! AND THE GREAT GENIUS OF DR. WAINWRIGHT IS SNUFFED OUT LIKE A CANDLE!

'THE RAVEN'



IN WAINWRIGHT'S LABORATORY 'THE RAVEN' ADJUSTS AND READJUSTS COMPLICATED SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS!

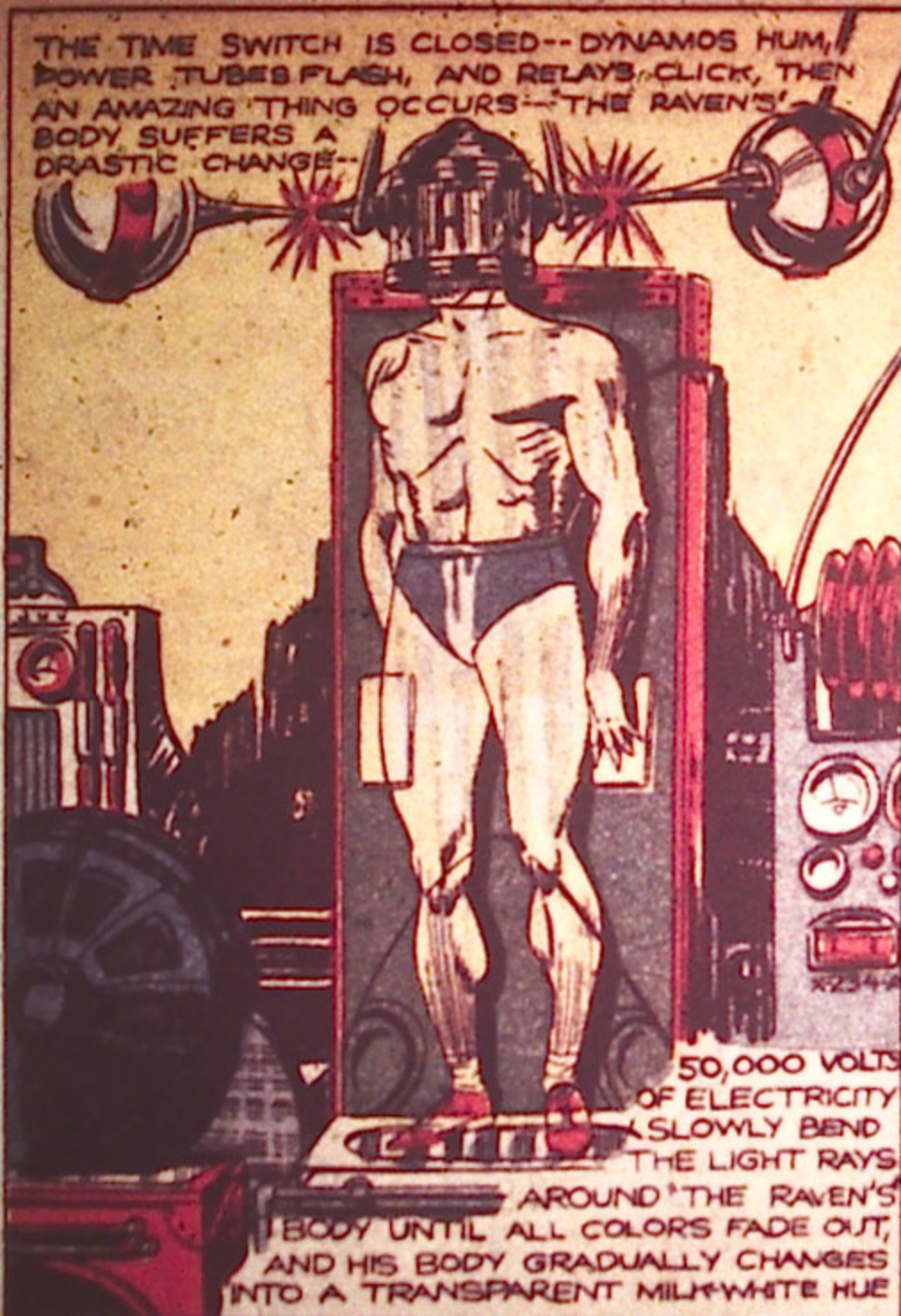
IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN MONTHS TO CONSTRUCT A DUPLICATE OF THIS DEVICE FOR MY OWN USE, BUT THE GODS WERE KIND NOW I HAVE THE GREAT DR. WAINWRIGHT'S OWN LABORATORY AT MY DISPOSAL, HO, WHAT IRONY!



THE SUPREME MOMENT HAS ARRIVED--IN SIX SECONDS THE TIME SWITCH WILL CLOSE, AND I, 'THE RAVEN', WILL BRING INTO REALITY MAN'S VAGUEST DREAM OF BECOMING ENTIRELY INVISIBLE TO THE ALL-SEEING EYES OF THE WORLD!



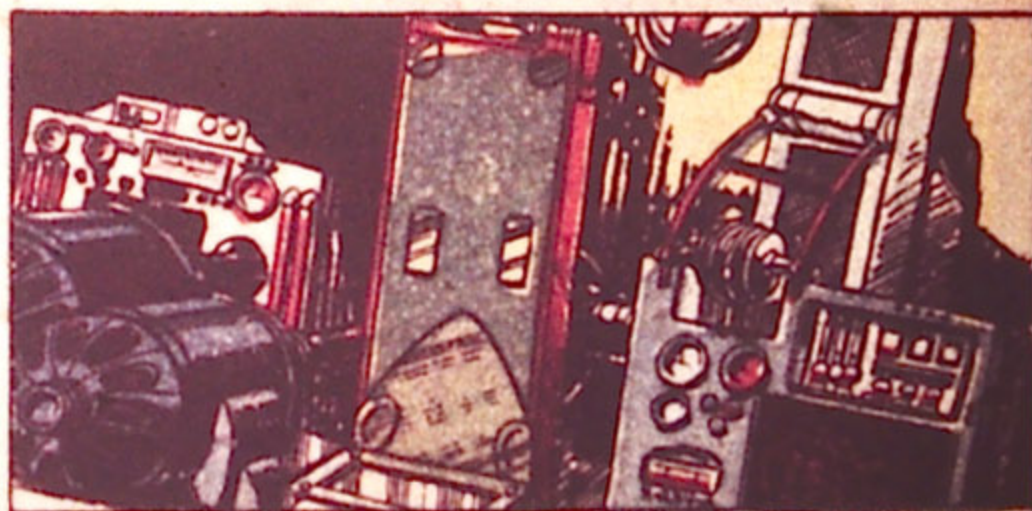
THE TIME SWITCH IS CLOSED--DYNAMOS HUM, POWER TUBES FLASH, AND RELAYS CLICK, THEN AN AMAZING THING OCCURS--THE RAVEN'S BODY SUFFERS A DRASTIC CHANGE--



50,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY SLOWLY BEND THE LIGHT RAYS AROUND THE RAVEN'S BODY UNTIL ALL COLORS FADE OUT, AND HIS BODY GRADUALLY CHANGES INTO A TRANSPARENT MILKY-WHITE HUE



THE MILKY-WHITENESS IS CONSUMED BY A TREMENDOUS BURST OF DAZZLING BLUE-WHITE INCANDESCENCE!



THE BLINDING MOMENT OVER--LO AND BEHOLD--THE SPACE BETWEEN THE ELECTRODES IS EMPTY--THE RAVEN'S BODY HAS VANISHED!!

THIS CHAP WAS BAIT, KENT, TO LURE YOU AWAY FROM THE REAL RAVEN'S SCENE OF ACTIVITIES!

I'M RETURNING TO WAINWRIGHT'S ESTATE, AND GET THE RAVEN ALIVE--OR DEAD!



I'M GOING WITH YOU, INSPECTOR, I MUST TRY TO GET BACK FATHER'S STOLEN MONEY!

DO AS YOU WISH, MISS FOSTER, BUT IT WILL BE DANGEROUS



AT THE DOCTOR'S ESTATE KENT RAPS ON THE DOOR!

DR. WAINWRIGHT HASN'T ANY SERVANTS-----HE'LL PROBABLY OPEN THE DOOR HIMSELF!

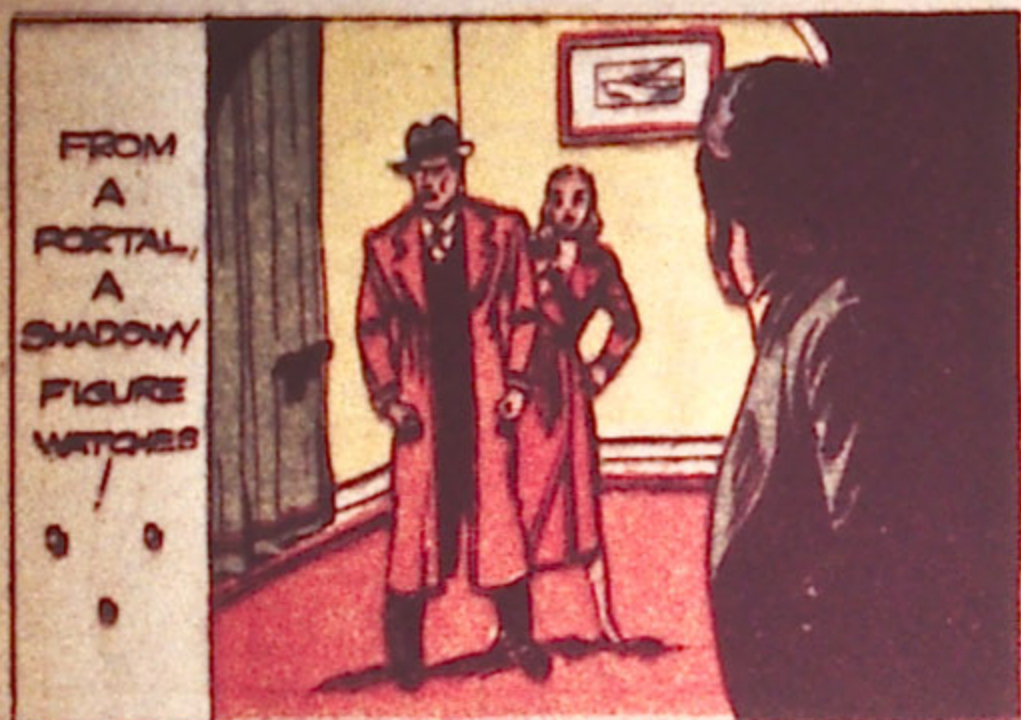
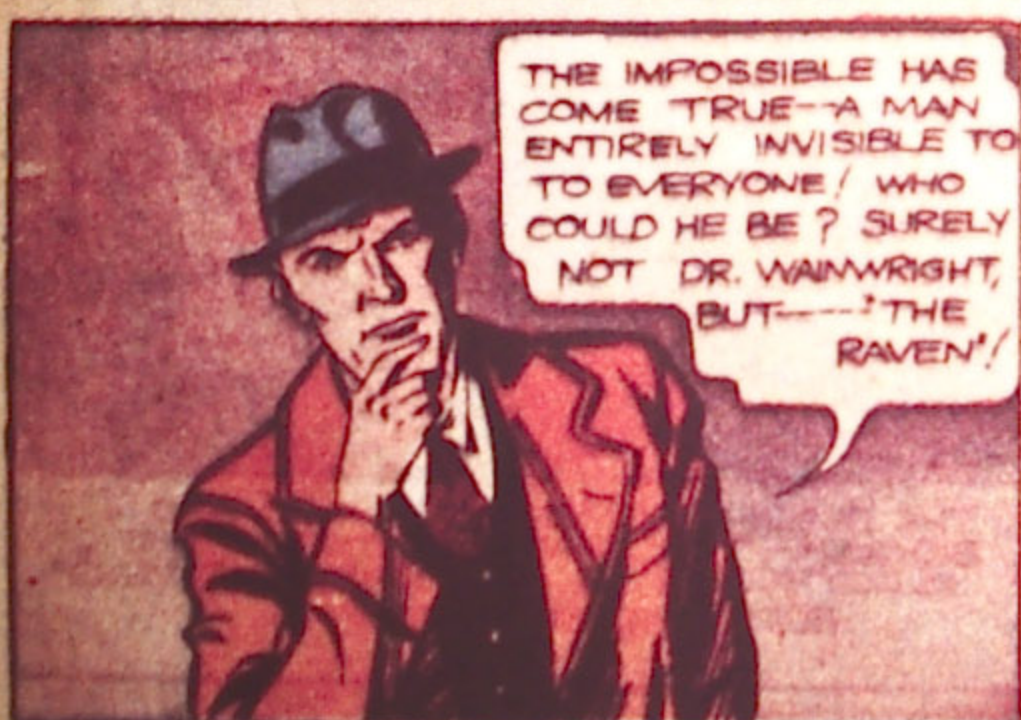


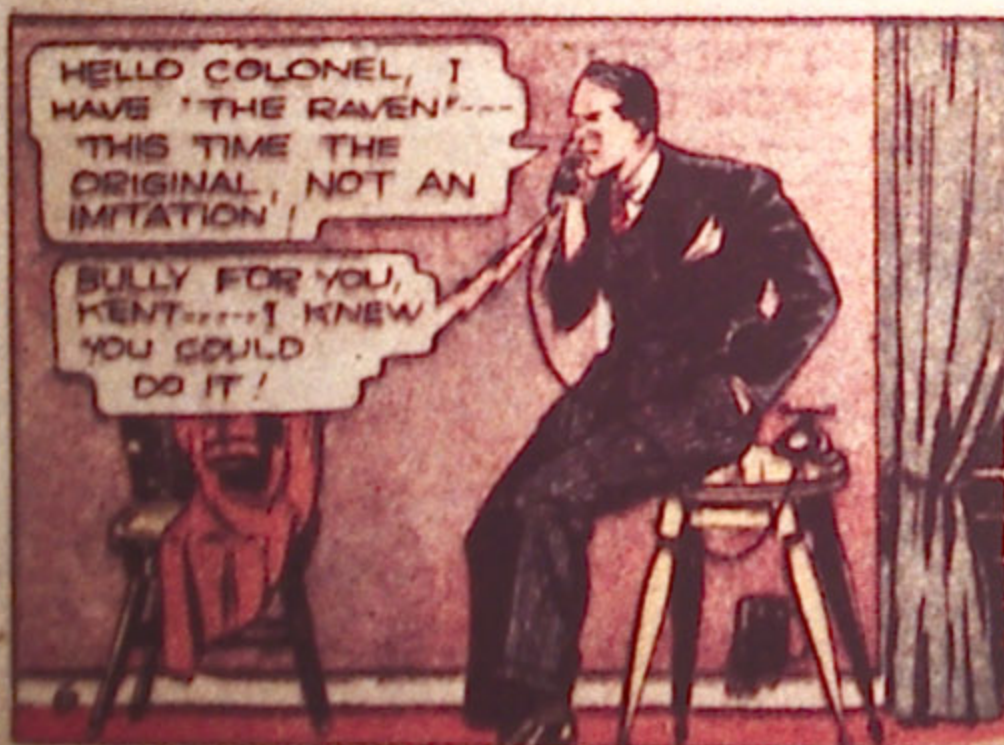
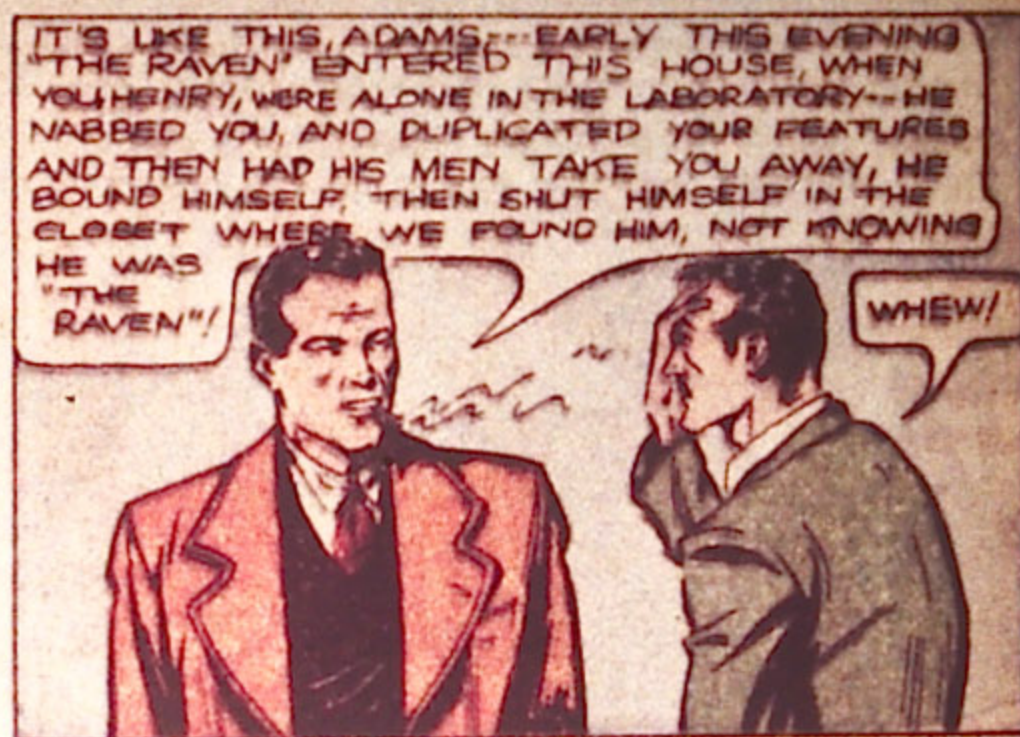
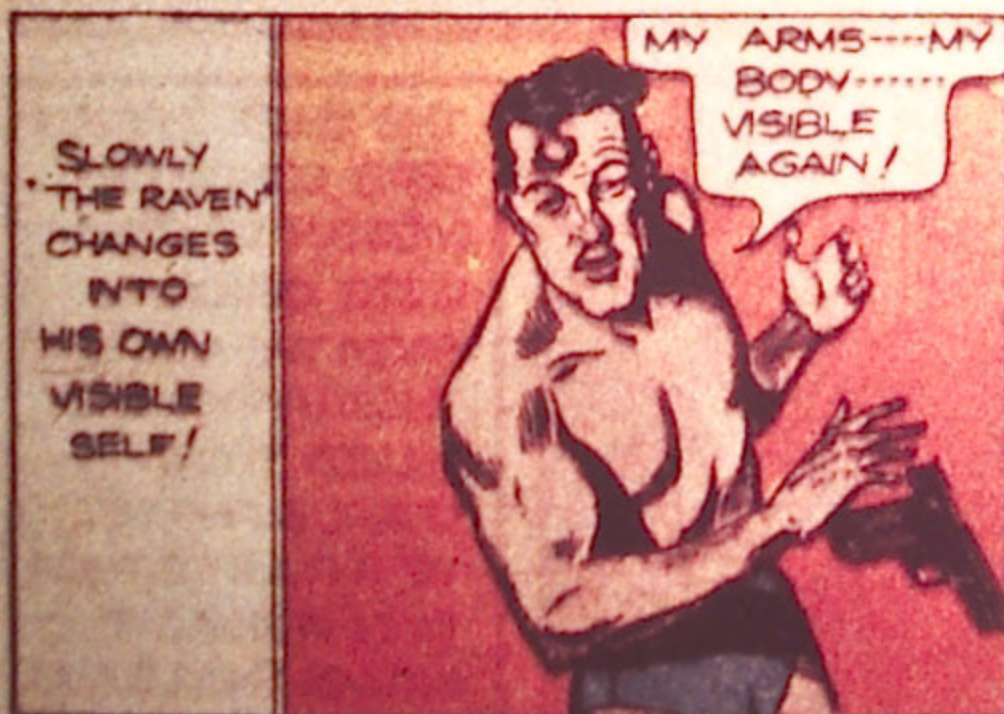
THE DOOR OPENED, AND THERE'S NO ONE HERE-----HOW--WHAT--?

WHO COULD HAVE SAID THAT?

WELCOME--MY DEAR INSPECTOR KENT, AND YOUR FAIR COMPANION!







LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by Will Ely

ABOUT 2000 MILES DUE EAST, OFF THE NORTH COAST OF BRAZIL THERE LIES AN UNCHARTED TROPICAL ISLAND - THE ISLAND IS SMALL AND INHABITED NOT AS ONE MIGHT THINK BY NATIVES, BUT MOSTLY BY WHITE PEOPLE, AT LEAST THEY ONCE WOULD HAVE PASSED AS WHITES---

THESE INHABITANTS WERE CAST UPON THE ISLAND OF WANATOBA, FOR THAT IS WHAT IT IS CALLED, IN THE YEAR OF 1918 WHEN THEIR SHIP WAS WRECKED OFF ITS COAST --



THE SHIP'S PASSENGERS CONSISTED MOSTLY OF CONVICTS DEPORTED FROM THE U.S. WHEN THEY LANDED THEY KILLED THEIR GUARDS AND SET UP A RULE OF THEIR OWN MAKING THE NATIVES THEIR SLAVES

FOOD WAS PLENTIFUL SO THE PRISONERS WERE CONTENT TO BE MAROONED ON THE ISLAND WHERE SOCIETY COULDN'T BOTHER THEM --



BUT IN 1934 A SMALL GROUP OF EXPLORERS ARRIVE AT THE ISLAND IN A SEAPLANE --

HMM - INTRUDERS
EH - I'LL TELL THE BOSS -



IN A SEAPLANE EH? GET THE MEN TOGETHER! WE'LL TAKE 'EM CAPTIVE!



AND SO THE LITTLE PARTY FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE RUTHLESS ISLAND PEOPLE --



BOSS, THERE'S
FIVE MEN AND
A YOUNG GIRL
OF FOURTEEN—

THE MEN MUST BE
KILLED—BRING THE
GIRL TO ME——

AH—A PRETTY MISS—
WHEN YOU BLOSSOM
INTO WOMANHOOD
YOU SHALL BECOME
MY BRIDE——

YOU'VE MURDERED MY
FATHER AND HIS COM-
PANIONS! I HOPE I LIVE
LONG ENOUGH TO SEE
YOU SUFFER FOR WHAT
YOU'VE DONE——

COME ON! ENOUGH
OF THAT!

TAKE HER AWAY AND
STOP HER BABBLING
TONGUE!

4 YEARS HAVE PASSED AND ONCE AGAIN
THE WHIR OF AN AIRPLANE MOTOR IS
HEARD ABOVE THE ISLAND———

BUT THE PLANE IS BEHAVING ODDLY—
THE MOTOR IS MISSING—THE PILOT
IS TRYING TO LAND——

THE PLANE SWOOPS DOWN TRYING
TO MAKE FOR A CLEARING BETWEEN
THE PALMS——

BUT TOO MUCH POWER IS LOST—THE
BRANCHES ENSNARE THE PLANE AND
IT CRASHES AMONGST A GROUP OF
PALMS——



THE PILOT
IS THROWN
CLEAR AND
ROLLS OVER
UNCONSCIOUS—
THE PLANE
BURSTS INTO
FLAME — — —



A PLANE JUST
CRASHED OFF
THE EAST
COAST—COME ON—

BRING YOUR
GUNS —



THE PILOT STIRS BEFORE THE RENE-
GADES REACH HIM AND WE RECOG-
NIZE LARRY STEELE — —



OH— MY ANKLE'S
SPRAINED—I CAN'T
WALK —



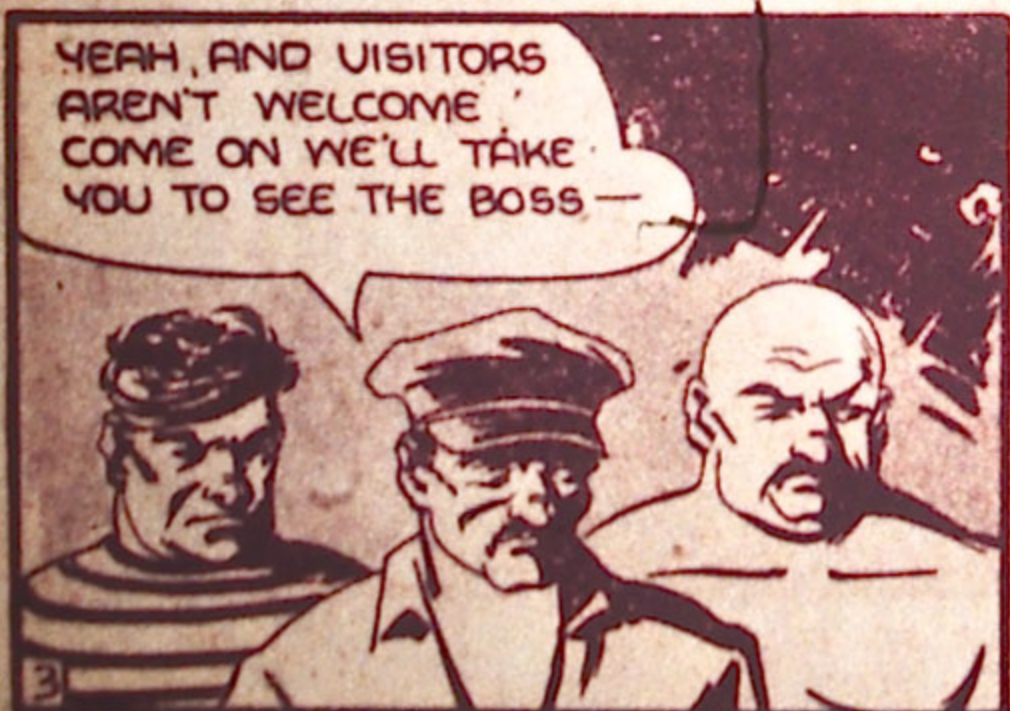
PUT 'EM UP,
MISTER—YOU'RE
COVERED —



WHITE PEOPLE—IN
THIS OUT OF THE
WAY PLACE !

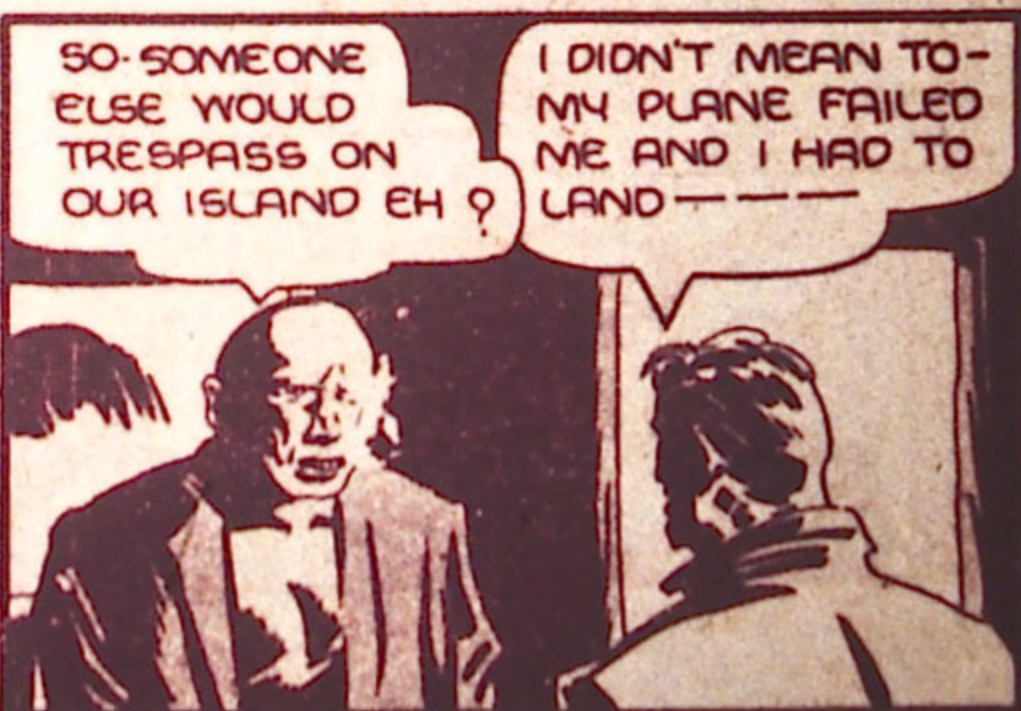


YEAH, AND VISITORS
AREN'T WELCOME
COME ON WE'LL TAKE
YOU TO SEE THE BOSS —



SO—SOMEONE
ELSE WOULD
TRESPASS ON
OUR ISLAND EH ?

I DIDN'T MEAN TO—
MY PLANE FAILED
ME AND I HAD TO
LAND — — —



WELL, WE DON'T
LIKE STRANGERS
SEE—YOU'LL BE
SHOT———

HEY, BOSS—LISTEN—

NONE OF US CAN HANDLE
A PLANE, AND HE CAN—
IT WOULD BE A CHANCE
TO ESCAPE——

H'IMM THAT'S
AN IDEA—
THROW HIM
IN THE
DUNGEON——

EN RICO CALLS
A MEETING OF
HIS CLAN THAT
EVENING TO
DISCUSS THE
FATE OF LARRY

I'M SICK OF THIS
JOINT—WE COULD
HAVE LEFT BEFORE
IF WE HAD LET
THOSE FUERS LIVE——

YEAH, IT'S BEEN A LONG-
TIME, BOSS; THE WORLD'S
FORGOTTEN US BY NOW——

WE CAN LET
HIM USE THE
SEAPLANE—
HIS IS WRECK-
ED———

WE CAN BUMP HIM
OFF WHEN WE GET
TO THE MAINLAND——

O.K. THOSE THAT
WANT TO LEAVE
CAN—BUT DON'T
LEAVE A TRAIL—
SOME OF US LIKE
IT HERE——

THE NEXT DAY LARRY IS AGAIN SUM-
MONED BEFORE THE BOSS——

WE'VE CHANGED
OUR MINDS ABOUT
YOU PAL—WE'RE
ALL STUCK HERE
SO YOU MIGHT AS
WELL BE ONE OF US——

THAT'S VERY
KIND OF YOU——

STUCK HERE
UNLESS YOU
CAN OPERATE
A SEAPLANE—
CAN YOU?

WHY, YES—HAVE YOU
ONE——

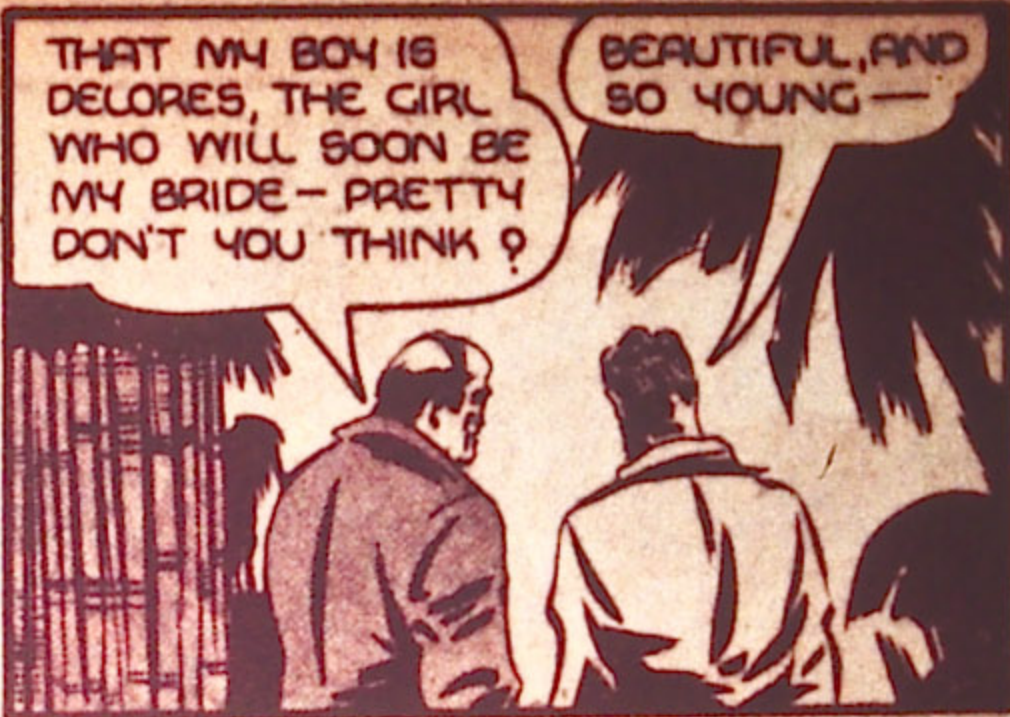
YES-WE'LL LOOK
HER OVER AFTER
LUNCH——

SAY-WHO WAS THAT—



THAT MY BOY IS
DELORES, THE GIRL
WHO WILL SOON BE
MY BRIDE—PRETTY
DON'T YOU THINK?

BEAUTIFUL, AND
SO YOUNG——



LATER THE BOSS TAKES LARRY TO
THE PLANE SO HE CAN INSPECT IT——

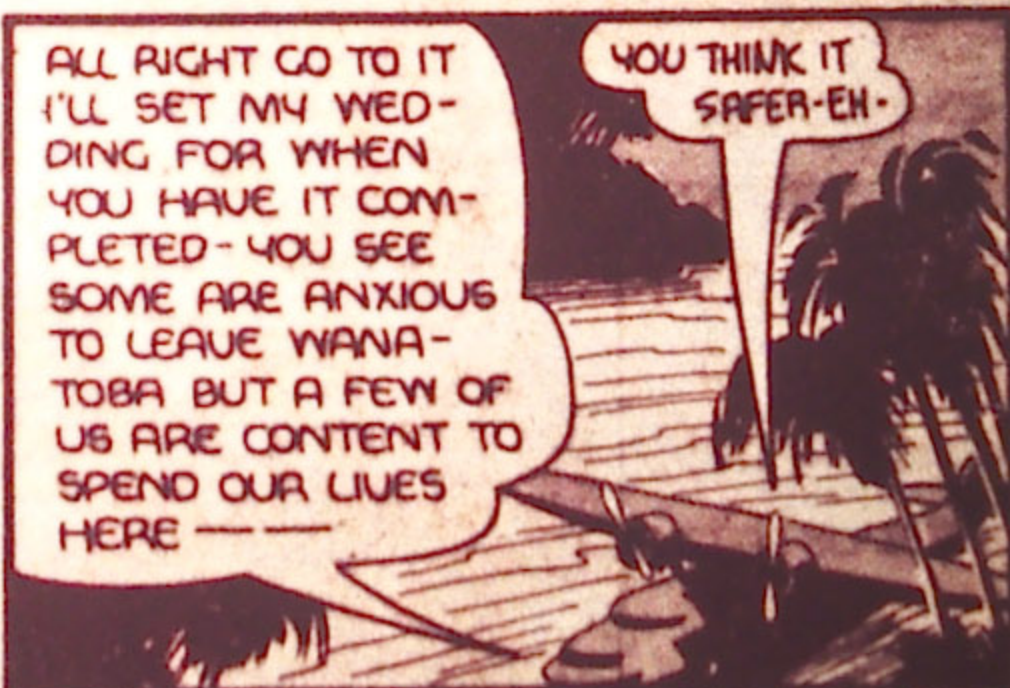
IS SHE IN
RUNNING
ORDER?

I THINK I CAN GET
IT TO RUN, BUT I'LL
HAVE TO WORK ON
IT——



ALL RIGHT GO TO IT
I'LL SET MY WED-
DING FOR WHEN
YOU HAVE IT COM-
PLETED—YOU SEE
SOME ARE ANXIOUS
TO LEAVE WANA-
TOBA BUT A FEW OF
US ARE CONTENT TO
SPEND OUR LIVES
HERE——

YOU THINK IT
SAFER-EH—



WHAT DID
YOU SAY?

OH NOTHING——



LARRY IS FREE TO ROAM THE ISLAND
BUT HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME AT
WORK ON THE PLANE—BUT THE BEAUTI-
FUL DOLORES IS CONSTANTLY ON HIS
MIND——

SHE SEEMS UNHAPPY—
I MUST TRY AND TALK
WITH HER——



THAT EVENING LARRY GOES FOR A
STROLL——



AS HE COMES TO THE BOSSES HUT HE
HEARS A LOUD VOICE FROM WITHIN - THEN
ALL IS SILENT —

THAT MUST
BE THE BOSS —



A MOMENT LATER THE BOSS EMERGES
AND HEADS TOWARDS THE CENTER
OF THE VILLAGE —



IF HE'S BEEN
MISTREATING
DOLORES, I'LL
KILL HIM —



OH! IT'S YOU,
PLEASE GO AWAY!
HE'LL KILL YOU
IF HE SEES YOU
HERE —

HE'S GONE - I MUST
TALK WITH YOU —



DOLORES TELLS LARRY HOW SHE CAME
TO BE AT VANATOBA AND THAT SHE
MUST SOON MARRY THE BOSS —

WE WERE
QUARRRELING
BEFORE HE
LEFT —

I HAVE A PLAN TO
GET US BOTH OUT
OF HERE IF YOU'LL
STICK BY ME —



I'LL DO ANYTHING
TO GET OUT OF
HERE!

ALL RIGHT - I HAVE YOUR
FATHER'S PLANE AL-
MOST IN SHAPE - WHEN
IT'S READY —



QUIET - HE'S COMING!



SO -- YOU WOULD KEEP
A RENDEZVOUS WITH
MY DOLORES!!



TO BE CONTINUED —



Tired of chasing international perils and forgoing a normal life together, Sally and Bart have at last quit the spy service.

To-day is their wedding-day! - and boy! are they happy -- !



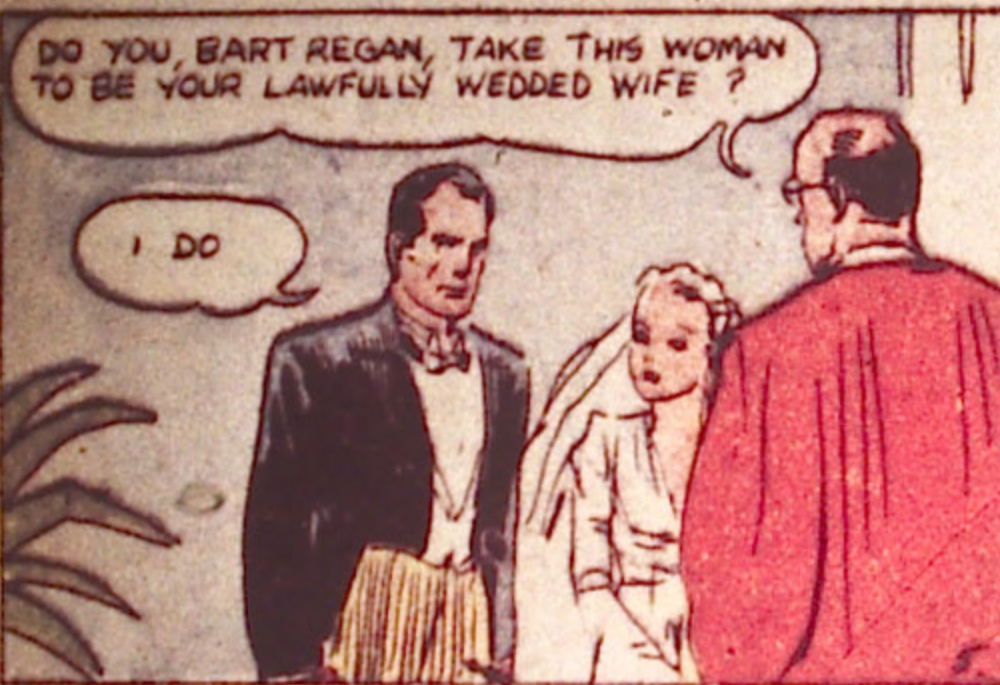
JUST THINK, SALLY! IN A FEW MOMENTS - YOU AND I - MARRIED - FOR EVER AND EVER!

HURRY! YOU'RE HOLDING UP THE CEREMONY!



WE'VE WAITED SO LONG FOR THIS MOMENT - AND NOW IT'S ARRIVED - HAS'NT IT, DARLING!

YES, DEAR!



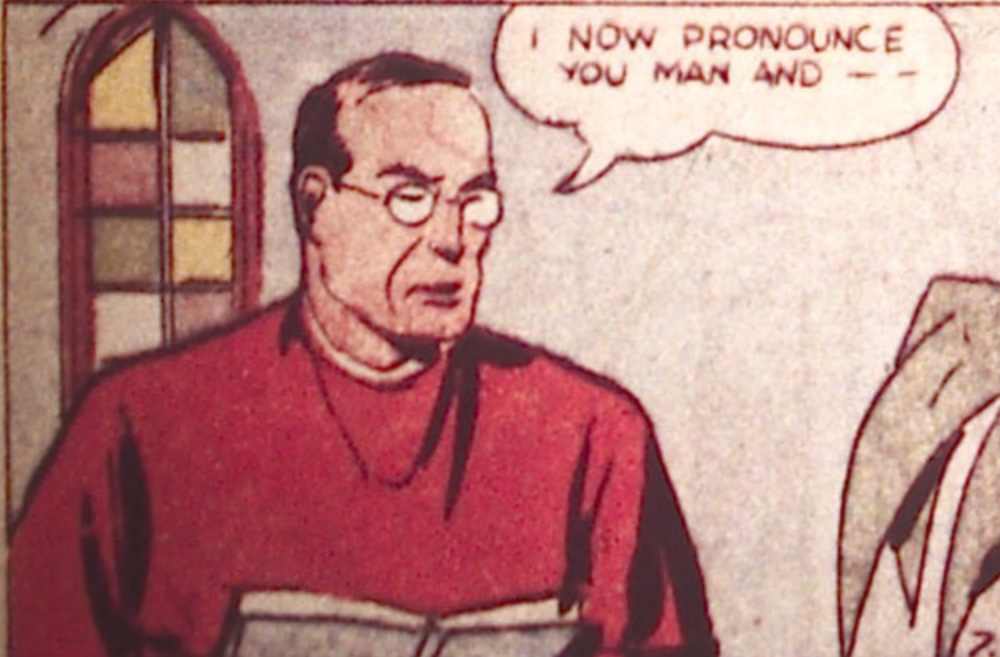
DO YOU, BART REGAN, TAKE THIS WOMAN TO BE YOUR LAWFULLY WEDDED WIFE?

I DO



DO YOU, SALLY NORRIS, TAKE THIS MAN TO BE YOUR LAWFULLY WEDDED HUSBAND?

I DO.



I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND --



HEY WAIT!





SO YOU CHOOSE
THE CHIEF, RATHER
THAN ME!

BE REASONABLE,
SALLY!



WHERE'S YOUR PATRIOTISM?

WHERE'S MY
WEDDING
CEREMONY?



LATER --

YOU'VE COME!
— GOOD!

NOTE HOW WELL
DRESSED WE ARE FOR
THE OCCASION!

DON'T MIND SALLY,
CHIEF! SHE'S
ANGRY BECAUSE
OUR WEDDING WAS
INTERRUPTED

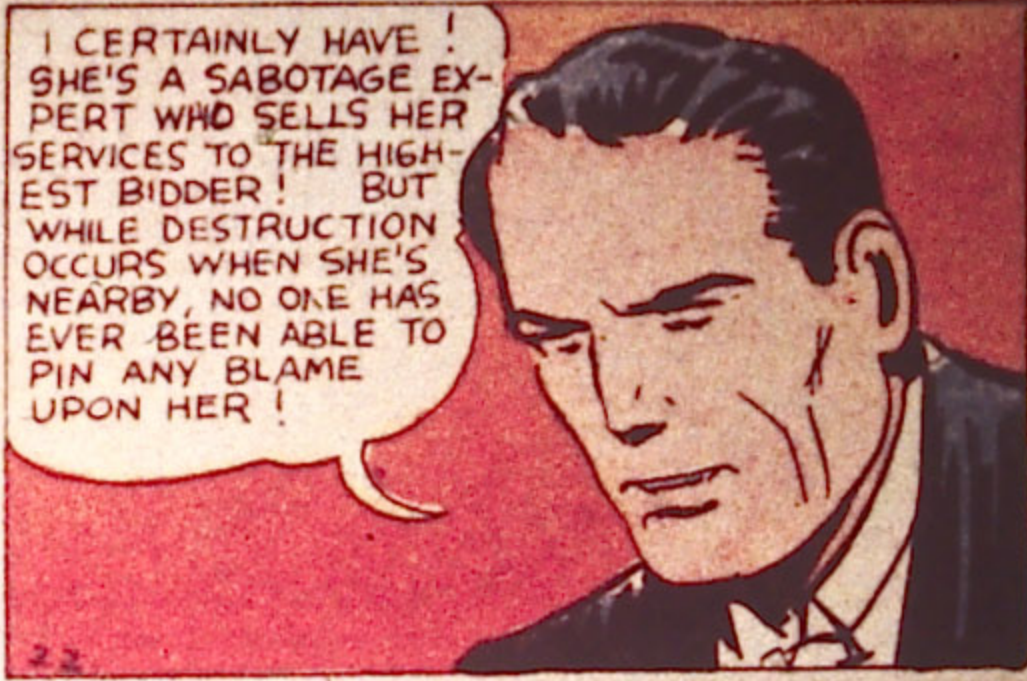


I'M SORRY I HAD TO DO
THIS TO YOU TWO YOUNG-
STERS, BUT I HAD NO
OTHER ALTERNATIVE.
AN EMERGENCY HAS
ARISEN THAT I'M
SURE NO OTHER OP-
ERATIVES COULD
SUCCESSFULLY
HANDLE.



WHAT'S ON THE FIRE
THIS TIME, CHIEF?

EVER HEAR OF
ROSA RINALDO?



I CERTAINLY HAVE!
SHE'S A SABOTAGE EX-
PERT WHO SELLS HER
SERVICES TO THE HIGH-
EST BIDDER! BUT
WHILE DESTRUCTION
OCCURS WHEN SHE'S
NEARBY, NO ONE HAS
EVER BEEN ABLE TO
PIN ANY BLAME
UPON HER!



RIGHT! — AND NOW SHE'S
HERE IN WASHINGTON, NO
DOUBT ABOUT TO PERPET-
RATE SOME DEVILTRY! —
WHATEVER IT IS SHE
PLANS, YOU'VE GOT TO
CIRCUMVENT HER!



YOU SEE, SALLY! IT WAS
IMPORTANT, AFTER
ALL!

LET'S GET STARTED!
THE SOONER WE
SOLVE THIS CASE,
THE SOONER WE
CAN GET MARRIED!

THEY PROCEED TO THE DELANO HOTEL WHERE RINALDO IS RESIDING, AND REGISTER ...

SIGN HERE -

BART REGAN AND WIFE!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THIS DOG-GONE CASE, THAT WOULDN'T BE A LIE!

25.

NOW WHAT?

WE'RE IN THE ROOM NEXT TO ROSA. ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS SPY ON HER AND, PRESTO! THE CASE IS SOLVED!



IN THE NEXT ROOM, ROSA RINALDO, COMBS HER HAIR, UNAWARE SHE IS BEING OBSERVED ...

SEE ANYTHING?

YEAH, THE VISION OF ME DYING AN OLD MAID!

27.



SHALL I LOOK NOW?

NO SIR! I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE MY FIANCE' SPY-ING ON A YOUNG LADY IN HER BOUDOIR!

29.

TWO HOURS LATER -

I'M SO TIRED, I CAN HARDLY STAND!

THIS ISN'T GETTING ME ANYTHING BUT A SORE BACK-THAT DAME'LL NEVER FINISH COMBING HER HAIR!

30.

I'VE GOT IT! - I'LL MEET HER AND TELL HER RIGHT TO HER FACE THAT I SUSPECT DIRTY WORK. YOU WATCH THRU THE TRANSOM AND TELL ME WHAT SHE DOES AFTER I LEAVE.

REMEMBER, I'LL BE WATCHING YOU!

31.

BART CARRIES OUT HIS PLAN HE KNOCKS ON ROSA'S DOOR

WHO ARE --!

NEVER MIND I'M COMING IN!





HOW DARE YOU? — GET OUT OF HERE AT ONCE, OR I'LL CALL THE MANAGEMENT!

I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU —
SPY!



SPY? — W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

LET'S DROP THE PRE-
TENCES. — YOU'RE A
SPY. I'M AN ENEMY SPY.
AND I'LL DO ALL IN MY
POWER TO PRE-
VENT ANY SAB-
OTAGE YOU
CONTEMPLATE!



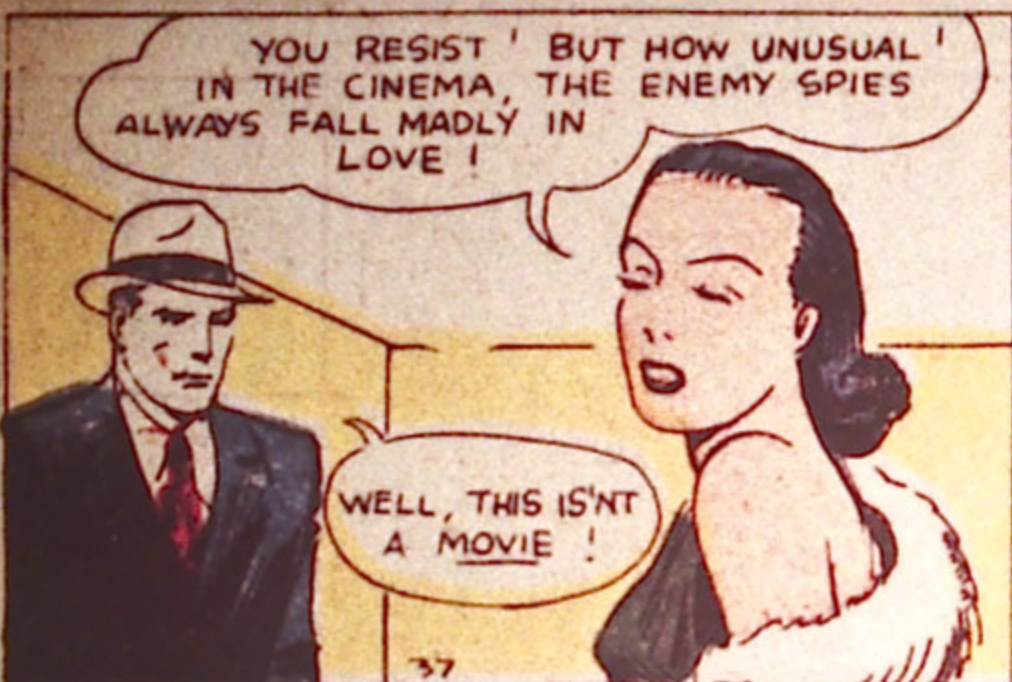
AN ENEMY SPY!
— HOW
ROMANTIC!

HEY! CUT THAT
OUT!



IN THE NEXT ROOM —

BART REGAN! IF
YOU LET HER KISS
YOU, I'LL—I'LL—!



YOU RESIST! BUT HOW UNUSUAL!
IN THE CINEMA, THE ENEMY SPIES
ALWAYS FALL MADLY IN
LOVE!

WELL, THIS ISN'T
A MOVIE!



I'M LEAVING NOW
BUT REMEMBER! IF
YOU'RE THINKING OF
PULLING ANY SHEN-
ANIGANS, JUST FOR-
GET IT!



THE MOMENT THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND BART—

THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!
I MUST ACT — QUICKLY!



WIDE-EYED, SALLY AWAITS ROSA'S NEXT MOVE!

ROSA REMOVES AN OBJECT FROM HER TRUNKS. — HOWEVER, HER BODY SCREENS IT FROM SALLY'S PRYING EYES!



WHAT HAPPENED?

SHE TOOK SOMETHING OUT OF HER TRUNK, BUT I COULDN'T MAKE OUT WHAT IT WAS.



SHE'S LEAVING HER ROOM!

LET'S GO!



CAREFUL SHE DOESN'T SEE US TRAILING HER!

I WOULDN'T BE A BIT SURPRISED IF SHE KNEW WE WERE!



FROM THE SMILE LURKING UPON ROSA'S LIPS, SALLY'S CONCLUSION LOOKS PLAUSIBLE.



THE FUMBLING IDIOTS — TO THINK THEY COULD COPE WITH ROSA RINALDO!



LOOK! SHE'S STOPPED! — SHE'S POWDERING HER NOSE!

WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT THAT? — I'VE DONE IT MYSELF OFTEN!



SOMEHOW, I'VE A HUNCH SOMETHING'S GOIN' TO POP RIGHT NOW! — SHE LOOKS ENTIRELY TOO DECEPTIVELY HARMLESS TO SUIT ME!



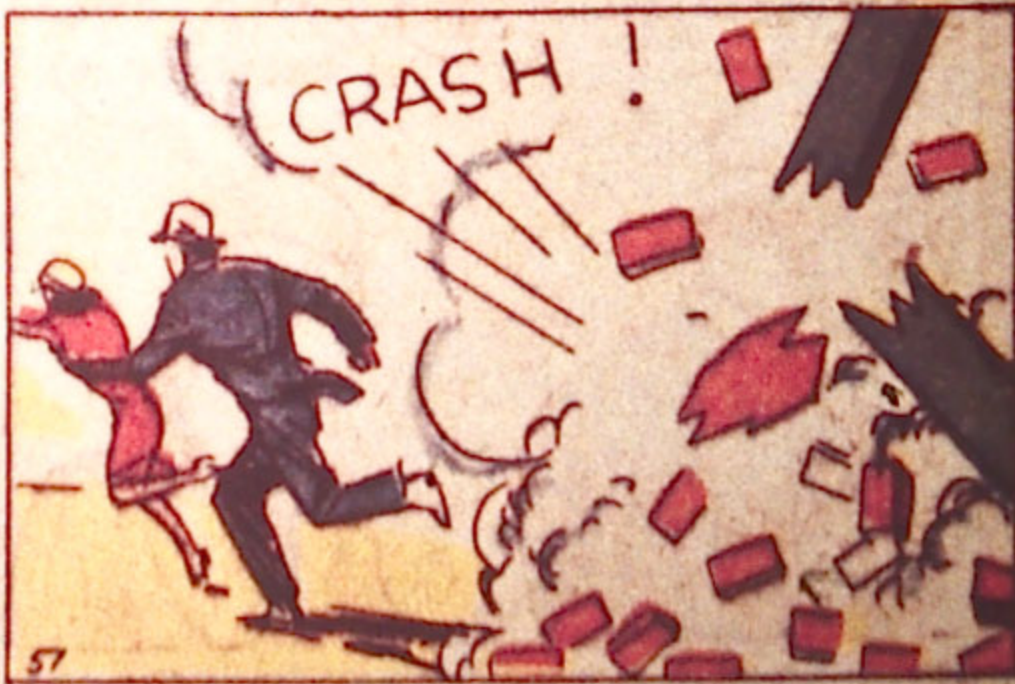
AT THAT INSTANT THE
BUILDING BEHIND HIM
SWAYS AND BUCKLES !



RUN ! - RUN FOR YOUR LIFE !



CRASH !



GOSH ! ANOTHER
SECOND AND

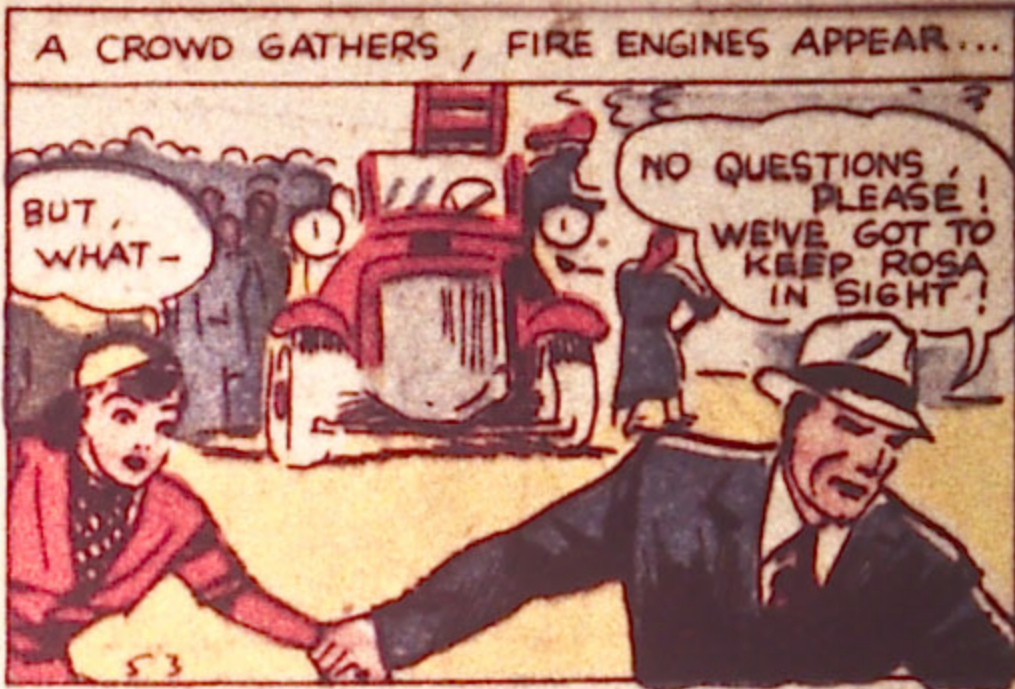
... WE'D HAVE
BEEN CRUSHED !



A CROWD GATHERS , FIRE ENGINES APPEAR...

BUT ,
WHAT -

NO QUESTIONS ,
PLEASE !
WE'VE GOT TO
KEEP ROSA
IN SIGHT !



BUT SURELY YOU DON'T SUSPECT
HER OF HAVING ANYTHING TO DO
WITH THE BUILDING
COLLAPSING ?

THAT'S
EXACTLY
WHAT I DO
SUSPECT !



HER NOSE MUST BE EXTREMELY
SHINY ! SHE'S GOING TO POWDER
IT, AGAIN !

I'VE GOT TO
STOP HER !



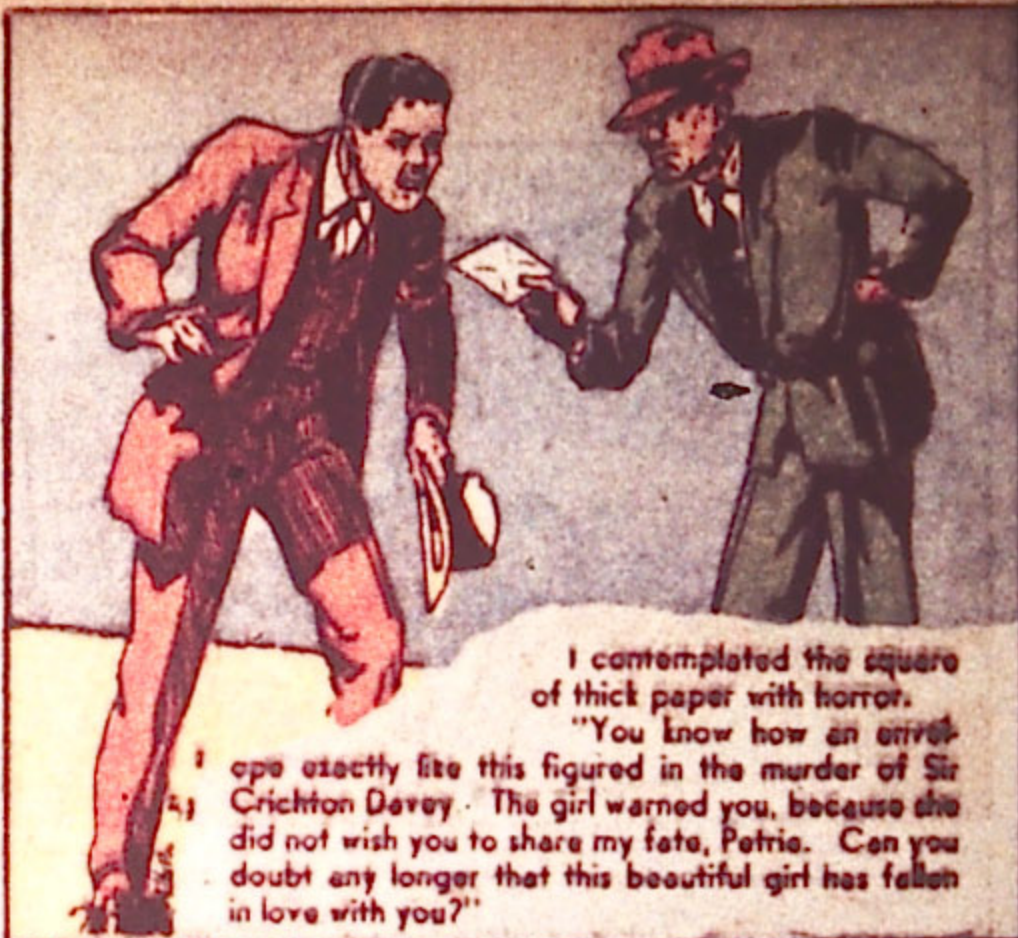


The adventurous story
of that sinister character
of the Orient

DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

by
The Celebrated
English Author

SAX ROHMER



I contemplated the square
of thick paper with horror.

"You know how an envelope
exactly like this figured in the murder of Sir
Crichton Davoy. The girl warned you, because she
did not wish you to share my fate, Petrie. Can you
doubt any longer that this beautiful girl has fallen
in love with you?"



"Smelli" cried Smith,
and thrust the envelope
under my nose. With a sense of nausea I recognized the
exotic perfume which we had found in the room of Sir Crichton
Davoy. He received a perfumed message and,
almost within the moment died.



Holding gingerly the perfumed envelope—that mes-
sage of death—which the mysterious girl had given to me,
Nayland Smith led me toward a cab. "We're hardly safe
from Fu Manchu here, Petrie," he said. "Get in quickly!"



Something whis-
pered past my ear, missed both Smith and me by a miracle,
and whirled over the roof of the taxi with a hum like a
hurled knife. "Attempt number one!" cried Smith, as we
scrambled into the taxi. "If I escape alive from this busi-
ness I shall know I bear a charmed life."



"Tonight they will try to
kill me," Smith said as we sank down on the cushions. He
tapped the perfumed envelope. "Fu Manchu knows that
I alone recognize him as the most evil and formidable
personality in the world today, and understand how the
yellow hordes of the East plot to destroy Western civiliza-
tion. Look out of the back window, Petrie."



"Someone has got into another cab," I whispered. "It is following ours!"



Smith filled his pipe and told me with a wry smile: "There is little to fear until we reach home. Then there is much." He went on to explain the terrifying movement controlled by Fu Manchu. "Why was Sir Crichton Davy murdered?" he asked. "He was one of those who would arouse the West to the menace of the awakening East..."



"Sir Crichton died because, had the book upon which he was working ever seen the light, it would have disclosed him as the only living Englishman who understood the importance of the Tibetan frontiers."



Why did M. Jules Furneaux fall dead in a Paris opera house? Heart failure? No! Fu Manchul! Furneaux's last speech had shown that he held the key to the secret of Tonking.



What became of the Grand Duke Stanislaus? Elopement? Suicide? Nothing of the kind. He alone knew the truth about Mongolia. Fu Manchu caused him to vanish. I say to you solemnly, Petrie," Smith concluded, "that those are but a few. Is there a man who would reveal the Yellow plot, he shall die!"



"We have been followed here," I said to Smith when we reached my rooms. "Why did you not try to throw them off the track?" "Useless, Petrie," Smith laughed. "Whoever we went Fu Manchu would find us. And tonight I am to go to sleep unsuspecting, he believes, and die as Sir Crichton Davy died."



Smith threw the scented envelope upon the table, and shook his clenched fists toward the window.

"The villain!" he cried. "The fiendishly clever villain! I was too late to save Sir Crichton. But Fu Manchu has blundered . . .



"He does not guess I know the deadly peril of the perfumed message he sent by that mysterious girl. But I should have had the meaning of the 'information' from your charming friend, even if she had not warned you."

"Who is this girl?"

"Fu Manchu's daughter, wife—or most probably—his slave."

"What dreadful thing is hanging over your head?" I demanded. "What do these perfumed envelopes mean? How did Sir Crichton die?"

"He died of the ZAYAT KISS!"



"Ask me what the Zayat Kiss may be," Nayland Smith went on, "and I reply 'I do not know.' The zayats are the Burmese caravanserais or rest-houses. In one of them on a certain route I set eyes on Fu Manchu for the first and last time. And in these rest-houses travelers sometimes die like Sir Crichton Davey, with nothing to show the cause except a little mark which has got the name of the Zayat Kiss . . .



"I have my theory, Petrie, and hope to prove it tonight—if I live. It will be one more broken weapon in Fu Manchu's devilish armory. I wanted to study the Zayat Kiss in operation, and I shall have the chance."

"But the scented envelopes?" I inquired.



"In the swampy forests of the Burmese district I have mentioned grows a green orchid with a peculiar scent. I recognized the heavy perfume at once. I take it that the thing which kills the traveler is attracted by this orchid. The perfume clings to whatever it touches."



"Fu Manchu no doubt has a supply of the green orchids — probably to feed the creature."

"What creature?"



Smith did not immediately answer my question about Fu Manchu's sinister pet, but said: "I found this strange contrivance on Sir Crichton's roof near the chimney of his study fireplace." He drew from his pocket a tangled length of silk thread, mixed up with which were a brass ring, and a number of large split shot, nipped on the silk in the manner usual on a fishing line.



"This explains how the thing got into Sir Crichton's study," Smith explained. "The shot were to weight the line and prevent the creature from clinging to the side of the chimney. When it had dropped in the grate, the weighted line was withdrawn, and the thing was held only by one single thread, which sufficed to draw it back when it had done its fatal work . . ."



"They reckoned that the creature would make straight up the leg of the table, toward the prepared envelope."

"What is your theory about the creature—what shape, what color?"

"It is something that moves rapidly. It works in the dark—the study was dark except for the light on the table."



"From the table-leg to the hand of Sir Crichton—which, having touched the envelope, was scented with the perfume—was a certain move for the creature."

"How horrible!"

"Sir Crichton saw the thing—leaped up—and received the ZAYAT KISS!"



"Let us make ostentatious preparations to retire, Petrie," Nayland Smith said coolly. "and I think we can rely on Fu Manchu's servants to attempt my removal—if not yours, also—by means of the Zayat Kiss."

"But it's a climb of thirty-five feet to our window!"

(To be continued)

A DEAD CASE

By
Paul Dean

DETECTIVE TED ROWAN, a brown fedora resting jauntily on the back of his head and a vague premonition running through his mind that he was about to receive some unpleasant assignment, strolled through the door leading to Captain Hammill's office in police headquarters.

"Well, well," boomed the red-faced captain, looking up from his desk, "if it isn't Smilin' Ted Rowan in person! Have a seat and a smoke for yourself, mister!"

This most unusual and hearty reception put Rowan on guard immediately. However, he accepted the captain's offer and helped himself to a cigar and then seated himself in a comfortable chair by the window.

"This is mighty white of you, Captain," the detective said, "but I feel like a lamb being fattened for the slaughter house! What's on that broad, expansive mind of yours that's troubling you this time?"

Captain Hammill smiled charmingly and disarmingly. "Why Ted, old boy, you sound a little annoyed. Have I ever done anything to hurt your feelings?"

"I wasn't particularly crazy about that last case you sent me on," Rowan replied, holding his nose with his fingers the better to describe his attitude. "A big jewel robbery is pulled off and we get a tip on the thieves' hideout which, unfortunately, happens to be located down near the city dumps; and I'm handed the pleasant task of shadowing the place . . . three weeks in a garbage heap! And then you ask me if you've ever done anything to hurt my feelings!"

"Now, now, that's all a thing of the past," the Captain murmured soothingly. "I had a very special reason for calling you in today. These last few weeks I've been receiving some very unusual reports from the city morgue!"

"The morgue? What's going on there?" Now Rowan was keenly puzzled.

"It seems that every so often someone breaks into the building and steals one or more of the bodies," Captain Hammill answered. "At first we blamed it on the college boys, they sometimes pull off these crazy things as part of an initiation but when we checked

up on them we found they hadn't been near the building at all!"

"I'm beginning to catch on, Chief," the detective growled. "This body-stealing business has all the earmarks of a first class mystery and so you're giving it to me on a silver-platter! First it's three weeks in the city dumps and now a few weeks vacation in the city morgue . . . very pleasant I must say!"

"This may turn out to be a big thing, Ted," the captain said, rising and walking over to the detective's side. "And I'm confident that if I put you on the trail you'll clear it up!"

Rowan smiled and stood up. "Your honeyed words have won me, Chief! When do I start this gleeful expedition?"

"Tonight," the captain replied, and added, "tonight and every night till the deep mystery is solved!"

FOR more than a week Detective Rowan kept a nightly vigil at the city morgue and still no attempts were made to steal any of the bodies. "This is more like a night-watchman's job," he would mumble to himself. "And I'm beginning to get pretty well fed up with it!"

And then one Tuesday, in the early hours of the morning, a shadowy figure of a man emerged from a dark sedan parked about fifty yards away from the rear entrance of the morgue. Stealthily he moved along the side of the building to one of the windows and taking from his pocket a metal instrument of some sort, pryed open the window and noiselessly disappeared through it.

At that moment Rowan happened to pass the doorway on the far side of the long room and halted suddenly in his tracks as the figure of the trespasser was silhouetted in the window. The man melted into the gloom and the detective pressed himself against the wall, waiting for the next move.

A few seconds later the bright beam of a flashlight cut the darkness and played momentarily on the features of the bodies resting on the tables. It finally stopped on one and the man stood gazing



down on it. Then the light was turned off and Rowan had a glimpse of the stranger lifting the body to his shoulder. He made his way back to the window and with the body of the dead man in his arms, he clambered through the opening and disappeared from the detective's view.

"So the mysterious ghoul has finally paid us a visit!" exclaimed Rowan. "I'll trail him outside and see where he goes and what he does with his cheerful companions!"

Through the doorway leading to the street, the detective saw the robber-of-the-dead place his gruesome burden in the back of a sedan parked down the street and getting in on the other side, start the motor and silently move off. Quickly Rowan leaped into his coupe and throwing it into gear, followed the ghoul's car as it swung around a corner.

For the next half hour the detective trailed the machine ahead of him through the deserted city streets and out on a main highway through the suburbs, into the hilly countryside. Rowan remained a safe distance behind the other car to avoid arousing the thief's suspicions. Finally the stranger slowed down and made a right turn into a narrow dirt roadway. The detective turned off his lights and followed the tail-lights of the car in front of him, bouncing and swerving over the rocks and ruts.

Eventually the leading car came to a stop in front of what appeared to be a large, rambling farmhouse. Rowan switched off his motor and parked back of a thick hedge. The stranger got out of the sedan and with the body still in his arms entered the building. A light appeared a few moments later and

Rowan softly walked through the tall grass and weeds towards one of the windows.

THE detective was visibly amazed at what he beheld. The room within was filled with all the paraphernalia one would be apt to find in the most modern chemical research laboratory, only that here everything appeared to be on a much larger scale. Massive test-tubes and glass globes filled with multi-colored liquids crowded the center of the room and the walls were lined with large cabinets that resembled, oddly enough, electric refrigerators.

But the detective's eyes were glued on the movements of the man who worked intensely at one of the many machines. He had an unruly mop of gray hair and a pointed van-dyke gave him the appearance of a dignified, middle aged scientist. Rowan was almost certain he had seen the man before but couldn't place where.

The man turned from the machine and placing the body of the dead man he had stolen from the morgue on a wheel-table, rolled it beneath two gleaming metal rods. Then standing to one side, he switched on an electric current and blue sparks of current leaped from one rod to another over the inanimate form on the table.

Beads of perspiration stood out on the gray-haired man's forehead as he adjusted the various controls that apparently needed his attention.

"This time it must work!" he muttered half-aloud. "This time I must bring back life . . . I can't fail!"

Rowan realized he was watching the doings of a madman and cautiously he circled the house and mounting the steps, threw open the door. The man wheeled about, terror stricken.

"No . . . no, you mustn't take me back . . . I can't leave yet!" he cried. He raced to a cabinet at the side and before the detective could prevent him, grasped a test-tube in his hand and threw it on the floor. Flames and acid fumes enveloped the room and Rowan caught the elderly man as he fainted. Swiftly, he dragged the unconscious man from the inferno out into the cool, night air.

"Ted, old boy, you did a fine job!" Captain Hammill said, shaking Rowan's hand. "I offer you my congratulations! Not only did you clear up the mystery of the morgue but you also succeeded in finding Professor Huntley who had been missing from the University for over a month. Overwork and strain caused his pitiful condition but thanks to you he'll recover and be his normal self in a few week's time!"

"Think nothing of it, Chief," the detective replied. "Only next time see if you can assign me to a case on a steamship, preferably one that's going to Bermuda . . . I'm badly in need of a vacation!"

THE END



Bruce Nelson and the Coolie Smugglers



BRUCE NELSON AND UNGI, HIS ZULU COMPANION, HAVE LOCATED THE LAIR OF THE COOLIE SMUGGLERS. THEY ATTEMPT TO STEAL THEIR TWO PLANES, JUST AS NELSON IS ABOUT TO SPIN THE PROP, A GUN IS JAMMED IN TO HIS RIBS.



WHAT IN BLAZES DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA DO?



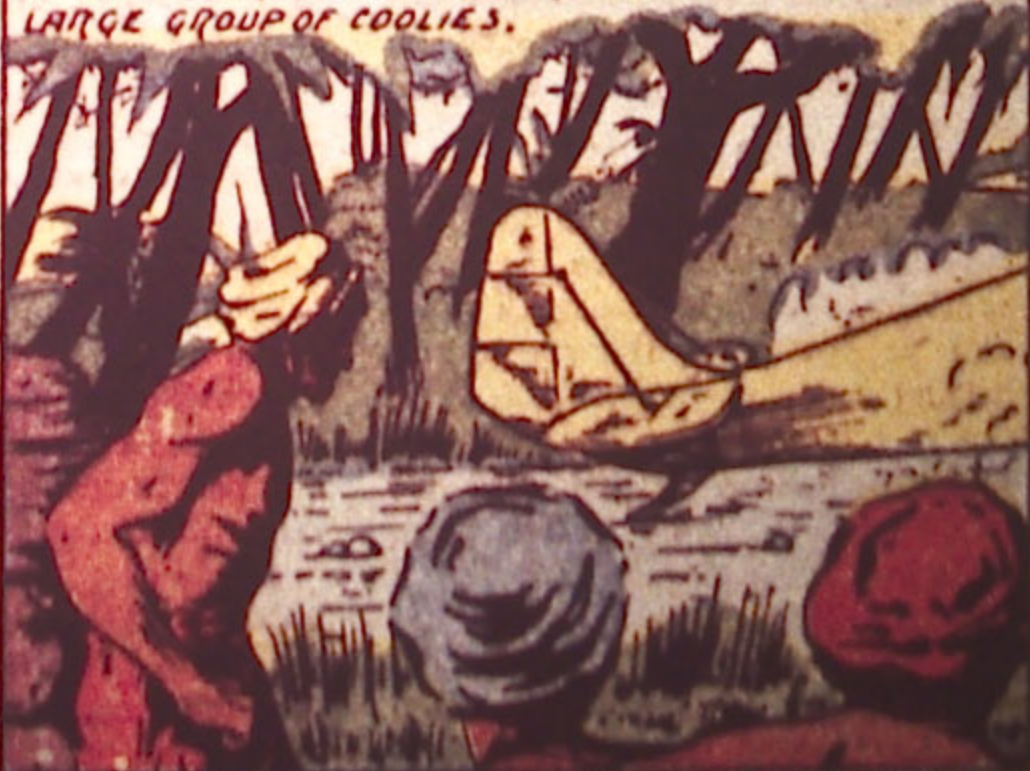
NELSON WHIRLED LIKE A FLASH. HIS FIST CRASHED HOME IN THE SMUGGLER'S FACE.

THE SMUGGLER CRASHED TO THE GROUND. HIS GUN FELL BESIDE HIM. HE SEIZED IT AND SHOT FROM A PRONE POSITION.



THE BULLET FELT LIKE A HOT COAL AS IT PLUNGED INTO NELSON'S SHOULDER.

SIMULTANEOUSLY THE MOTOR OF UNGI'S PLANE SPUTTERED THEN ROARED TO LIFE. STARTLED YELLS CAME FROM A LARGE GROUP OF COOLIES.



NELSON STOOD, SWAYING SLIGHTLY, STUNNED BY THE FORCE OF THE BULLET. THE MAN ON THE GROUND TOOK AIM AGAIN.

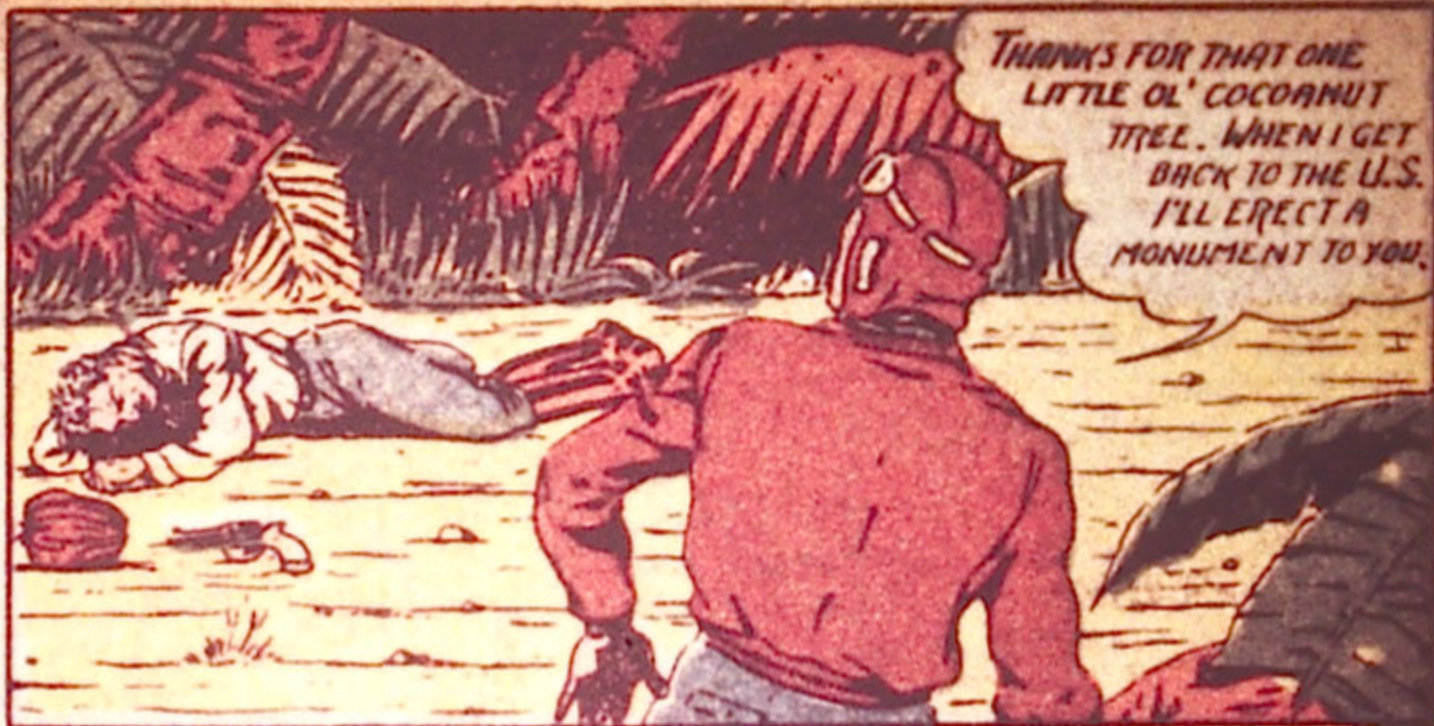


AT THIS TIME FATE DECIDED TO TAKE A HAND. A LARGE COCONUT FELL FROM A CLUSTER HIGH IN A COCONUT PALM.



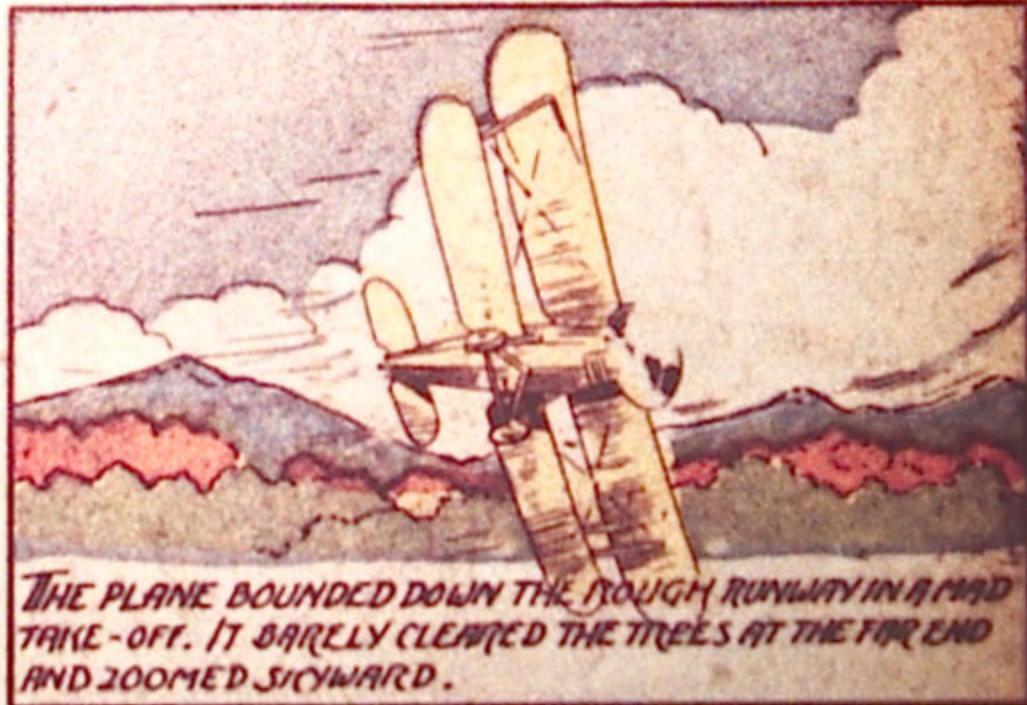
by
Tom Hickey

—AND LANDED WITH A SICKENING CRACK ON THE SKULL OF THE MAN WITH THE GUN, KNOCKING HIM COLD.



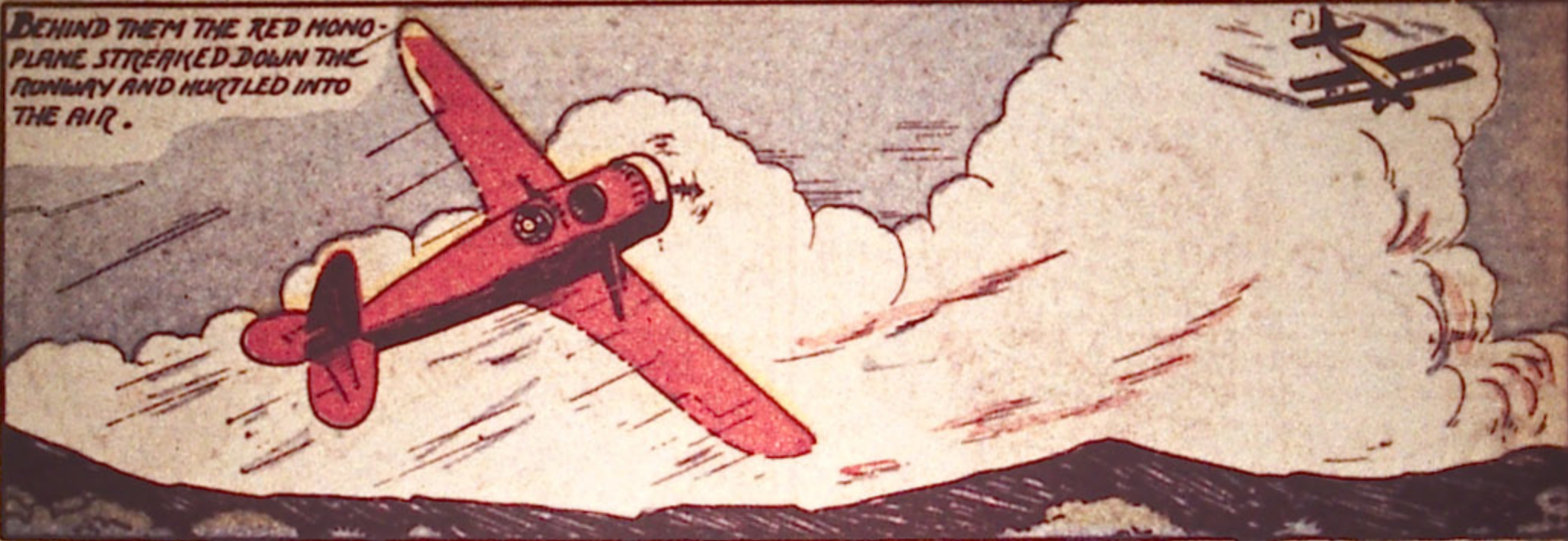
THANKS FOR THAT ONE LITTLE OL' COCONUT TREE. WHEN I GET BACK TO THE U.S. I'LL ERECT A MONUMENT TO YOU.

THERE WAS NO TIME NOW TO START THE OTHER PLANE. NELSON RAN TOWARD THE ROARING BOURGET. AS HE LEAPED INTO THE REAR COCKPIT UNGI SHOVELED THE THROTTLE WIDE.



THE PLANE BOUNDED DOWN THE ROUGH RUNWAY IN A MAD TAKE-OFF. IT BARELY CLEARED THE TREES AT THE FAR END AND ZOOMED SEAWARD.

BEHIND THEM THE RED MONO-PLANE STREAKED DOWN THE RUNWAY AND HURTTLED INTO THE AIR.



HAVING BUT ONE MAN TO CARRY, THE RED SHIP DREW CLOSE. NELSON TOOK OVER THE CONTROLS AND ZOOMED FOR ALTITUDE. THE RED PLANE PROMPTLY FOLLOWED.

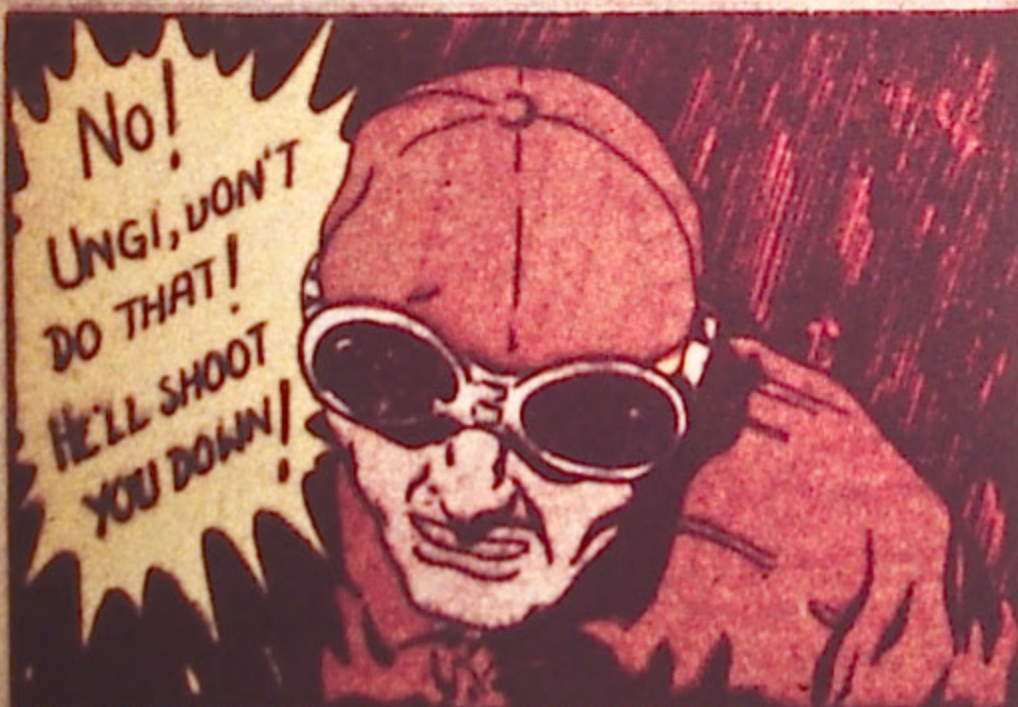
2

ABRUPTLY NELSON THREW THE BOURGET INTO A SCREAMING DIVE. LIKE A HAWK DIVING AFTER ITS PREY THE RED SHIP WAS RIGHT ON HIS TAIL.



MACHINE GUN BULLETS SPRAYED ALONG THE BOURGETS LINE.

UNGI, HE'S OPENING FIRE ON US. DO YOU KNOW HOW TO USE A MACHINE GUN?



No!
UNGI, DON'T
DO THAT!
HE'LL SHOOT
YOU DOWN!

BY SOME EXPERT FLYING,
NELSON KEPT THE
ATTENTION OF THE
RED SHIP FOCUSED
ON HIM AND ALLOW-
ED UNGI TO REACH
THE GROUND SAFELY.



NO, HE DON'T KNOW FIRST THING ABOUT THEM. I BAIL OUT.
MAKE SHIP LIGHTER. THEN YOU HAVE BETTER CHANCE IN
DOG FIGHT. — GOOD LUCK MASSA DRUCE.

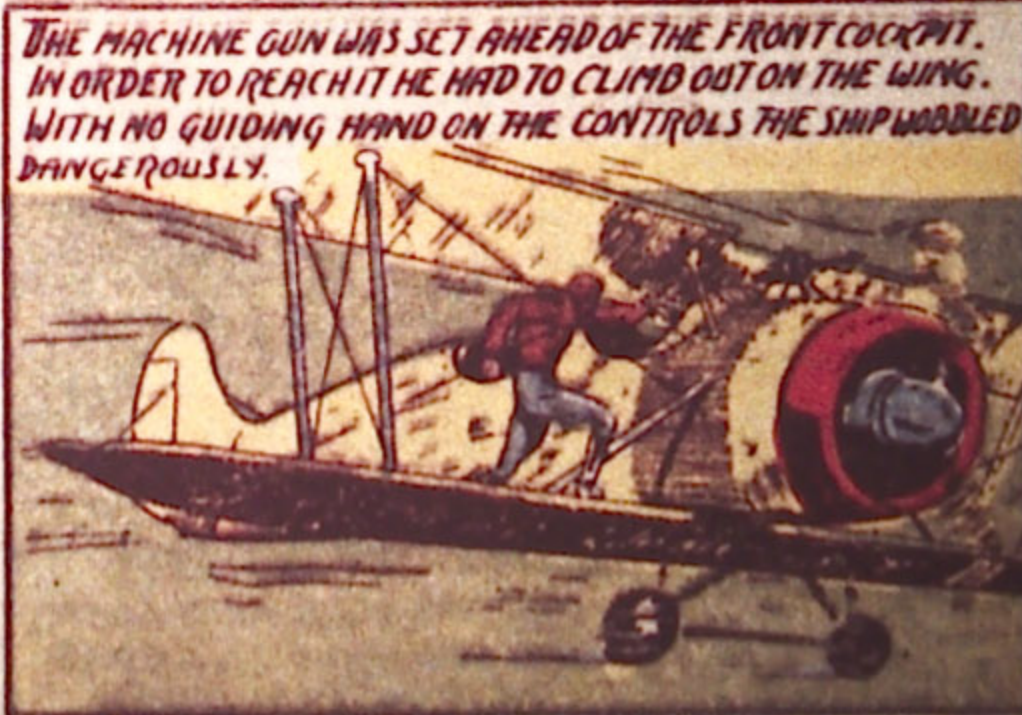


BUT THE GALLANT ZULU STRAPPED
ON A CHUTE AND WENT OVER THE
SIDE IN SPITE OF
NELSON'S
PROTESTS.

SEEING UNGI LAND SAFELY NELSON TURNED HIS ATTENTION
TO THE SMUGGLERS SHIP. HIS STRENGTH WAS EBBING FAST. HE
SHOOK HIS HEAD TO CLEAR THE
COBWEBS. HIS LEFT ARM WAS
ALMOST USELESS AND BLOOD
TRICKLED DOWN HIS ARM
AND OFF HIS FINGERS.



THE MACHINE GUN WAS SET AHEAD OF THE FRONT COCKPIT.
IN ORDER TO REACH IT HE HAD TO CLIMB OUT ON THE WING.
WITH NO GUIDING HAND ON THE CONTROLS THE SHIP WOBBLLED
DANGEROUSLY.



BULLETS FROM THE PURSUING PLANE WHIZZED ALL AROUND HIM BUT HE DROPPED SAFELY INTO THE FRONT COCKPIT.



NELSON HALF-LOOPEd, AND LET THE RED SHIP GO THUNDERING BENEATH HIM.



WILDLY THE RED MONOPLANE ROLLED CLEAR. NELSON COMING DOWN LIKE A PLUMMET, OVER SHOT.

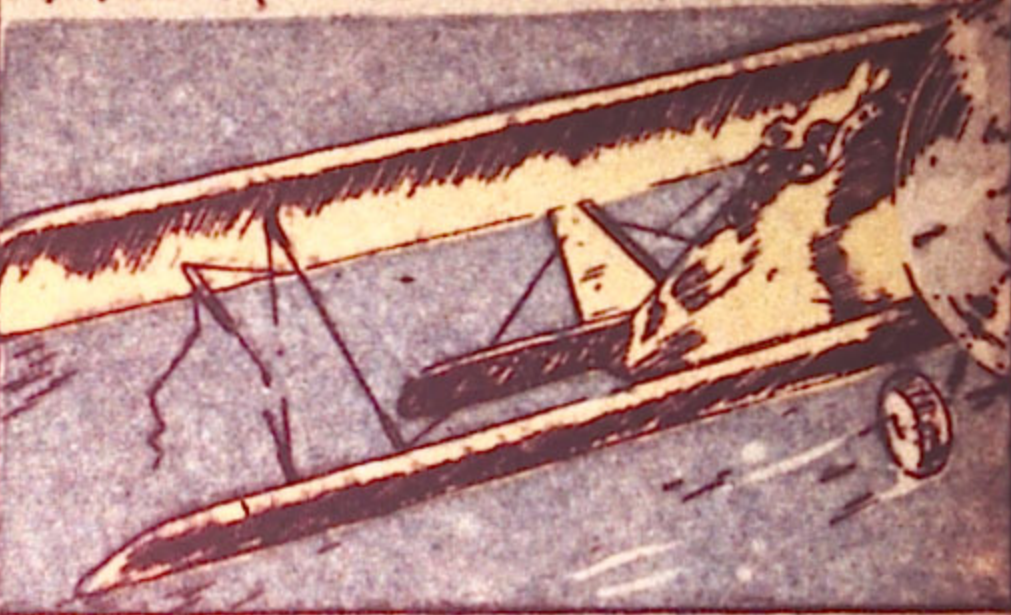


NELSON WAS GROWING WEAKER FROM LOSS OF BLOOD. THE FIGHT COULDN'T GO ON MUCH LONGER. HE HAD TO STRIKE IMMEDIATELY OR HE'D BE SUNK.

HOLD YOUR HATS KIDS, HERE I GO AGAIN. IT'S SINK OR SWIM THIS TIME.



A BURST OF LEAD CREASED THE RIGHT WING. A STRUT DANGLED ABRUPTLY IN TWO PIECES.



THEN HE SWOOPEd DOWN ON HIS ENEMY'S TAIL. HE GRIPPED THE STICK WITH HIS KNEES PRESSED THE GUN AND BLASTED AWAY.



AS HE HALF-LOOPEd TO THE RIGHT HE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE OTHER PLANE ROARING DIRECTLY AT HIM — SPITTING HOT LEAD.



IN DESPERATION HE DROVE THE BOURGET DIRECTLY AT THE SMUGGLER'S SHIP. HIS GUN WAS SPITTING VICIOUSLY.



JUST WHEN IT SEEMED THEY MUST CRASH, NELSON FIRED ONE FINAL VOLLEY AND HURTTLED UP OVER THE OTHER SHIP, JUST CLEARING IT.



AS HE ZOOMED UPWARD, HE GLANCED BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER. HE SAW THE RED SHIP CATAPULTING EARTHWARD. FLAME BELCHING FROM ITS SIDES AND A PLUME OF BLACK SMOKE TRAILING IT LIKE A STREAMER.

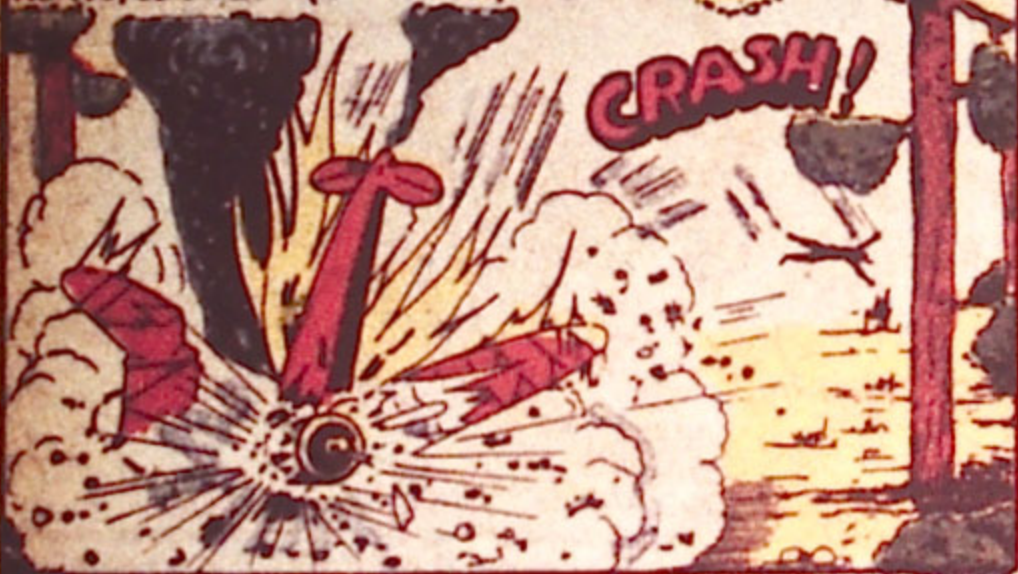


WITH THE ENDING OF THE TERRIFIC DOG FIGHT THE TENSION SNAPPED. NELSON BECAME ACUTELY AWARE OF HIS FAST EBBING STRENGTH. HE FELT DEATHLY SICK. SKY AND EARTH BECAME ONE JUMBLED MASS. HE KNEW HE WAS GOING TO PASS OUT.

I-I-I - GOT TO HOLD ON - GOT TO LAND THIS CRATE -



AS THE BURNING MASS SCREAMED TO EARTH THE PILOT WAS THROWN CLEAR AND LANDED IN A BROKEN HEAP A FEW HUNDRED FEET FROM HIS WRECKED PLANE.



NELSON BROUGHT HIS PLANE DOWN BY SHEER FLYING INSTINCT. AS HE FELT THE WHEELS JOLT THE GROUND THERE SEEMED TO BE A RED MIST ALL ABOUT HIM. THE PLANE GROUND TO AN ERRATIC STOP - THEN ALL WENT BLACK.



WHEN DANKE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS HE WAS LYING ON THE GROUND. HIS SHOULDER HAD BEEN BANDAGED AND HIS HEAD WAS RESTING ON A KNAPSACK. THE YELLOW BOURGET TOWERED OVER HIM.



WISPS OF SMOKE STILL CURLED UPWARD FROM THE CHARRED WRECK. ANOTHER YELLOW BOURGET STOOD BEYOND THE TWISTED WRECKAGE.



LONG, COLONEL ROARK AND CARLOS DEL RIO STOOD
LOOKING AT THE BODY OF THE DEAD SMUGGLER.



NELSON STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET AND STAGGERED
OVER TO THE BODY OF HIS VICTIM. HE LOOKED DOWN —



YES, CAPTAIN CARSTAIRS WAS THE LEADER OF THE
COOLIE SMUGGLERS. HE WASN'T CALLED TO ENGLAND AT
ALL. — YOU DID A FINE JOB, MY BOY. I'LL GET THE
CHARGES AGAINST YOU DROPPED.



AND I, NELSON, WILL SEE YOU GET THE REWARD
OFFERED FOR THE LEADER OF THE COOLIE SMUGGLERS.



I OWE YOU A THOUSAND APOLOGIES DEL RIO. THAT YELLOW
PLANE HAD ME FOOLED. I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE SMUG-
GLER.



ME? HUH! THAT OLD CRATE OF YOURS COULD NEVER
OUTFLY MY SHIP. — WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?



WELL I CAME TO AFRICA FOR A NICE RESTFULL VACATION,
BUT NOW I THINK I'LL HEAD RIGHT BACK TO THE U.S. TO THE
PEACE AND QUIET OF SUBWAY TRAINS, RIVETERS, SWING
BANDS AND NITE CLUBS!



NEXT ISSUE
A NEW, THRILLING,
BRUCE
NELSON
ADVENTURE!

THE END • •



COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN ♦ ♦

COSMO ENTERS THE SUMPTUOUS HACIENDA OF CARLO DI MILO.



THE GENIAL DON CARLO IS EVERYWHERE, GREETING NEW AND OLD FRIENDS.

SENOR DI MILO, WILL YOU FAVOR ME WITH AN INTRODUCTION TO THE YOUNG MAN WHO JUST ENTERED?

BUT CERTAINLY CAPTAN BARTLETT, EXCUSE ME AND I WILL BE BACK DIRECTLY.



THE HACIENDA IS CROWDED WITH DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

WELCOME, COSMO MY VERY GOOD FRIEND, COME WITH ME. CAPTAN BARTLETT OF THE S S ALMOA HAS ASKED TO MEET YOU IF YOU DO NOT MIND

PERHAPS HE IS RECRUITING PASSENGERS FOR HIS SHIP. LEAD ON, CARLO.



THEY REACH THE SEA CAPTAIN'S SIDE.

CAPTAN BARTLETT, MISTER COSMO.

THIS IS INDEED A PLEASURE. YOU ARE THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE, ARE YOU NOT?

I'M AFRAID I'M GUILTY, CAPTAIN BARTLETT.



THE FIRST FORMALITIES OVER, CARLOS LEAVES THE TWO MEN TOGETHER.

MR COSMO, AS CAPTAIN OF THE RADLAR LINE THERE IS SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT I'D LIKE TO DISCUSS WITH YOU

WHY YES. WHEN AND WHERE SHALL WE MEET?

IN PRIVATE, CAN IT BE ARRANGED?



COME ABOARD SHIP AT TWO P.M. BUT PERHAPS IT'S BEST TO KEEP THE VISIT IN STRICT CONFIDENCE. WE WANT NO ONE TO SUSPECT THE NATURE OF THE CALL THE SHIP IS UNDOUBTEDLY BEING WATCHED

NO ONE WILL GUESS I'LL BE THERE TO-MORROW, CAPTAIN



NEXT DAY: COSMO DRESSED AS A PLANTATION OWNER BOARDS THE SHIP TO KEEP HIS APPOINTMENT WITH THE CAPTAIN.



VERY CLEVER INDEED, COSMO, I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU AT FIRST. SO GLAD YOU CAME, THO.



HA HA -- CAPTAIN BARTLETT, MAKE SURE IT'S ME FIRST, THEN, DOWN TO BUSINESS.



WE SAIL TOMORROW WITH A BIG GOLD SHIPMENT. I HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT ROBBERY BUT I HAVE NO IDEA HOW OR WHEN THE ATTACK WILL BE MADE. WOULD YOU UNDERTAKE TO HELP PREVENT SUCH AN OCCURRENCE?



WHERE DOES THE GOLD COME FROM?



THE BANK OF CARACAS.



VERY WELL, I'LL LOOK ABOUT A BIT. TOMORROW I'LL TAKE PASSAGE WITH YOU, BUT I WANT A SECLUDED STATE ROOM.



COSMO GOES TO THE BANK OF CARACAS. IN AN ASSUMED NAME HE OPENS AN ACCOUNT, ASKING MANY QUESTIONS ABOUT THE INSTITUTION.



SI, I'M SENOR FELIPE EMANUEL CARDOZA

HE IS SHOWN TO A SIMPLE BUT ACCESSIBLE STATE ROOM.



ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?

THANKS, THAT WILL BE ALL. I'LL RING IF I NEED YOU.

JUST BEFORE SAILING TIME, COSMO IN DISGUISE WALKS UP THE GANGPLANK.



SECURING THE CAPTAIN'S PERMISSION COSMO GOES THRU THE DIFFERENT COMPARTMENTS OF THE SHIP, NOTING CAREFULLY WHAT HE SEES.



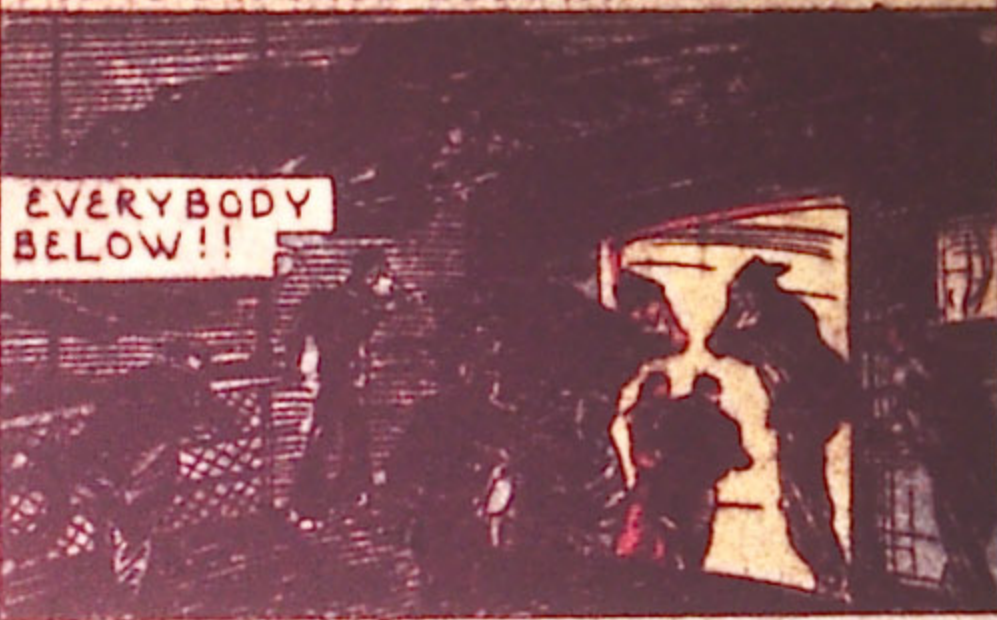
-AND THESE ENGINES? THEY ARE MOTORS FOR WHAT?

- YES SIR THOSE ARE THE GENERATORS FOR THE STEERING APPARATUS

COSMO GOES UP ON DECK, OBSERVING EACH INDIVIDUAL CLOSELY. A HOWLING WIND HAS SPRUNG UP.



THE WIND BECOMES CYCLONIC; EVERYONE IS ORDERED BELOW.



HUGE WAVES DASH OVER THE VESSEL'S DECKS.



SUDDENLY THERE IS AN EXPLOSIVE SOUND FROM INSIDE THE SHIP. OBJECTS CLATTER TO THE FLOOR - THEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT.



THE STEWARDS HURRY ABOUT BRINGING TEMPORARY LIGHTS AND REASSURING THE PASSENGERS.



COSMO, FLASHLIGHT IN HAND HURRIES DOWN INTO THE ENGINE ROOM.



GRIMY ELECTRICIANS TOIL FEVERISHLY TO LOCATE THE TROUBLE.



ON THE BRIDGE THE CAPTAIN DESPERATELY ATTEMPTS TO STEER THE LIGHTLESS SHIP THRU THE HEAVY SEAS.



THE CAPTAIN CALLS THE ENGINE ROOM.

ERICSON! HAVE YOU FOUND THE TROUBLE YET?

NO, SIR, WE REPAIRED A BROKEN GEAR, BUT THERE IS MORE WRONG

OPERATOR! SEND OUT AN S.O.S.-GIVE APPROXIMATE POSITION 13° LAT. 68° LONG. WE'LL BURN FLARES TO ATTRACT ANY SHIPS AND GUIDE THEM TO OUR SIDE

I HOPE WE CAN MAKE IT SIR. THE SET IS GETTING WEAKER

THE FLOUNDERING VESSEL IS DRIFTING HELPLESSLY TOWARD THE HEADLAND AND DESTRUCTION.



THE PASSENGERS ARE IN A PANIC.

MY GOD! WE'RE TORPEDDED! WE'RE SINKING!

QUICK! THE LIFE BOATS! THE SHIP'S EXPLODED. LET ME OUT!

IT'S A SUB!



SUDDENLY THERE IS THE RAT-TATA-OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS ON THE DECK. COSMO RUSHES UP THE COMPANIONWAY.



IN THE BRILLIANCE OF A LIGHTNING FLASH, COSMO SEES THE DARK OUTLINE OF AN AEROPLANE.



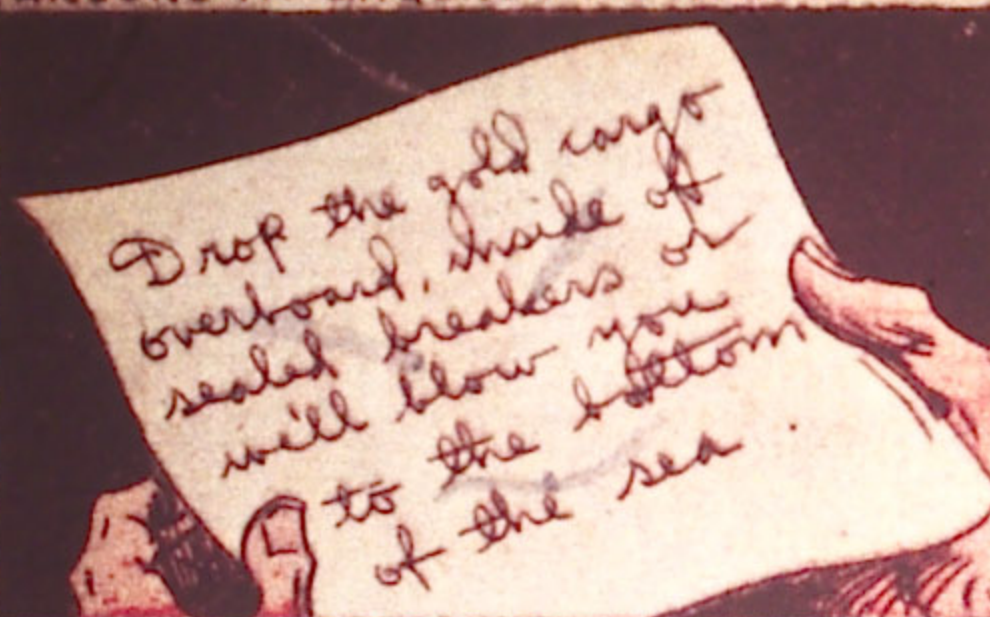
IT CIRCLES BACK AND DROPS SOMETHING TO THE DECK.



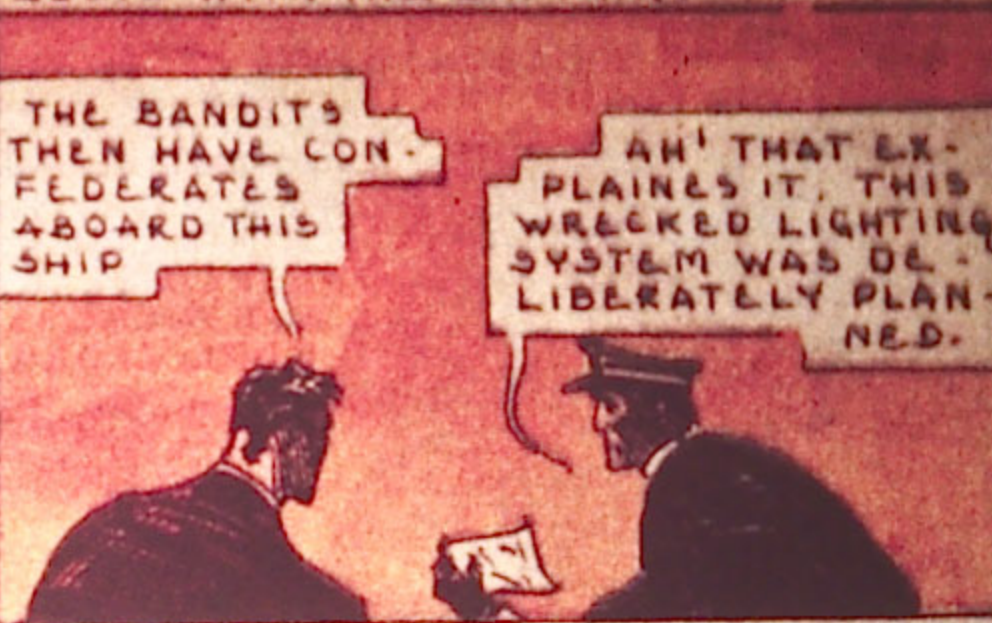
COSMO SNATCHES IT UP AND DASHES BEHIND COVER, OPENING IT AS HE GOES.



IT IS A WEIGHT WITH A NOTE WRAPPED AROUND IT. EAGERLY HE READS.



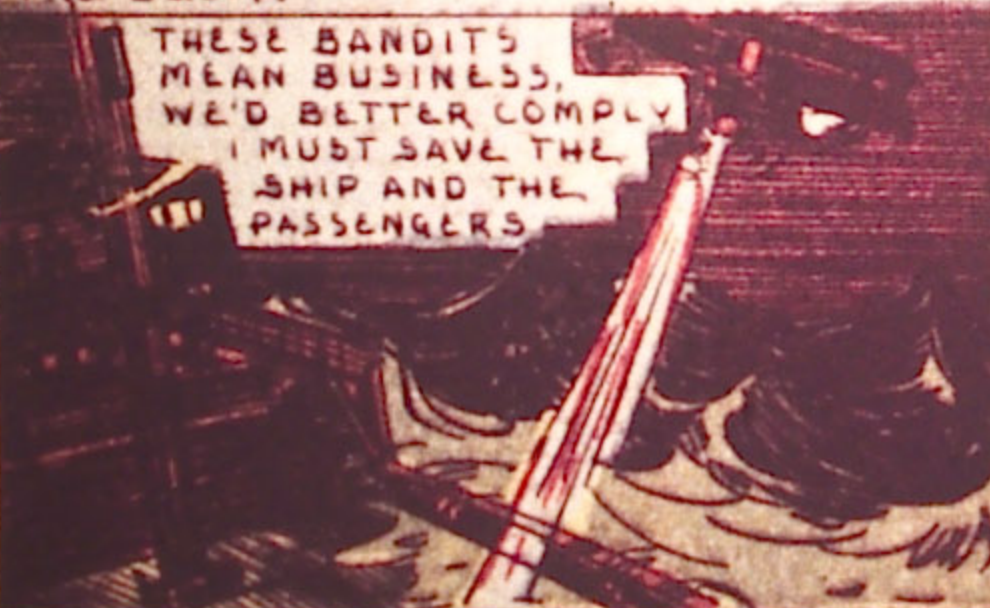
COSMO RUNS TO THE BRIDGE AND CONSULTS WITH THE CAPTAIN.



THE BANDITS THEN HAVE CONFEDERATES ABOARD THIS SHIP

AH! THAT EXPLAINS IT. THIS WRECKED LIGHTING SYSTEM WAS DELIBERATELY PLANNED.

ANOTHER CHARGE OF BULLETS HIT THE DECK.



THESE BANDITS MEAN BUSINESS, WE'D BETTER COMPLY. I MUST SAVE THE SHIP AND THE PASSENGERS.

QUICKLY BY THE LIGHT OF A FLARE THE BREAKERS ARE DROPPED OVERBOARD.



I HOPE WE WILL BE RELIEVED OF THOSE VULTURES WITH THIS.



IF WE DON'T GET AID SOON ALL OUR FLARES WILL BE USED UP AND THE LORD ONLY KNOWS WHERE WE ARE DRIFTING.

AT LAST A MESSAGE COMES THRU.



THERE IS A SHIP TO OUR STAR BOARD SIDE, SIR, SAYS SHE SEES OUR FLARES.

THANK GOD!

THE RESCUE SHIP ARRIVES. AFTER HERCULEAN EFFORTS A CABLE IS MADE FAST AND THE HELPLESS SHIP IS TAKEN IN TOW.



BACK IN PORT COSMO JUMPS INTO A CAB.



AS FAST AS YOU CAN, TO THE FLYING FIELD!

RIGHT, SIR!

AT THE FIELD HE CHARTERS A PLANE AND HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE CARIBBEAN SEA.



HA! WHAT'S THAT OUT THERE? LOOKS LIKE A PLANE RESTING BESIDE A FISHING SMACK. SOMETHING IS BEING TRANSFERRED!



COSMO CIRCLES BACK CAUTIOUSLY, LANDING ON A NARROW STRIP OF REEF LAND. TAXIING THE PLANE INTO HIDING HE SCANS THE SEA WITH HIS GLASSES.



A HYDROPLANE RISES FROM THE SEA AND FLIES DIRECTLY TOWARD HIM.



THEN OVER HIM, UNAWARE OF HIS PRESENCE, COSMO WATCHES THE PLANE. IT LANDS ON THE CRATER OF A DEAD VOLCANO. CAREFULLY COSMO TAKES THE BEARINGS AND THEN FLIES BACK TO THE AIR DROME.



HURRIEDLY HE ENLISTS THE HELP OF THE AVIATION CORPS STATIONED THERE.

COMMANDER GOMEZ, I NEED YOUR HELP. A BAND OF AIR-PIRATES HAVE LOOTED S.S. ALMOA AND LANDED ON A CRATER ISLAND JUST NORTH-EAST OF HERE.

YES! YES! WE TOO ARE LOOKING FOR THEM. COME, A SQUADRON WILL BE READY IN A MOMENT. I TOO WILL GO ALONG.



FLYING OVER THE BANDIT'S HIDEOUT NOTES ARE DROPPED STATING THAT ANYONE ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE WILL BE IMMEDIATELY MACHINE GUNNED. COSMO'S PLANE LANDS.



THE BANDITS ARE SOON CORRALLED.

WELL, THERE IS A PRETTY MESS OF THEM, ISN'T IT. YOU'VE RENDERED A BRILLIANT PIECE OF WORK BY THIS CAPTURE, COSMO. MY COUNTRY WILL BE GRATEFUL.

I AM HAPPY TO HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HELP. ALL THE GOLD FROM THE S.S. ALMOA OF THE RADLAR LINE IS HERE.

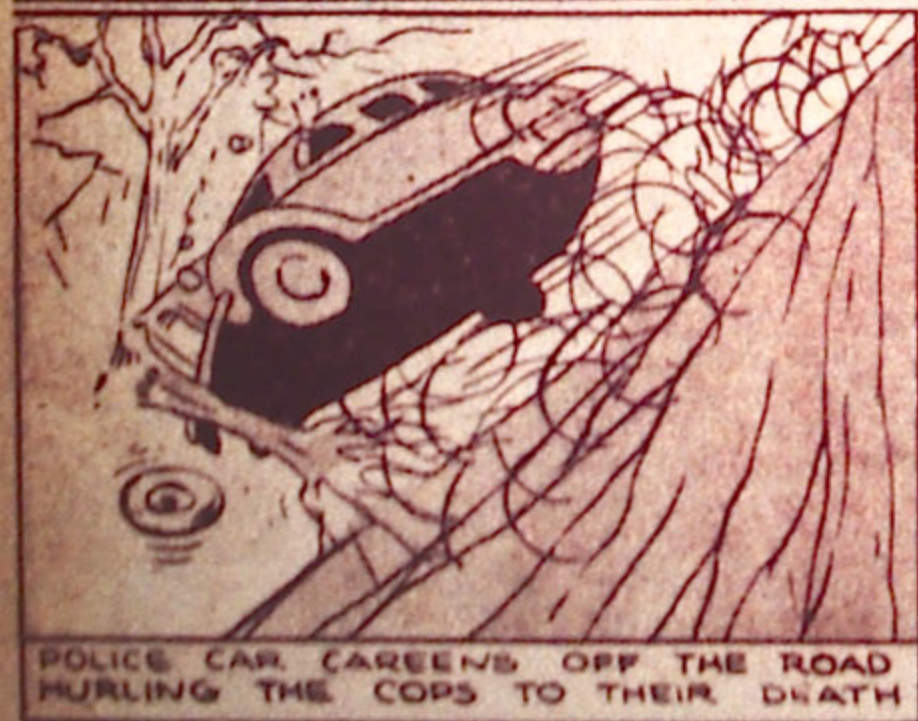
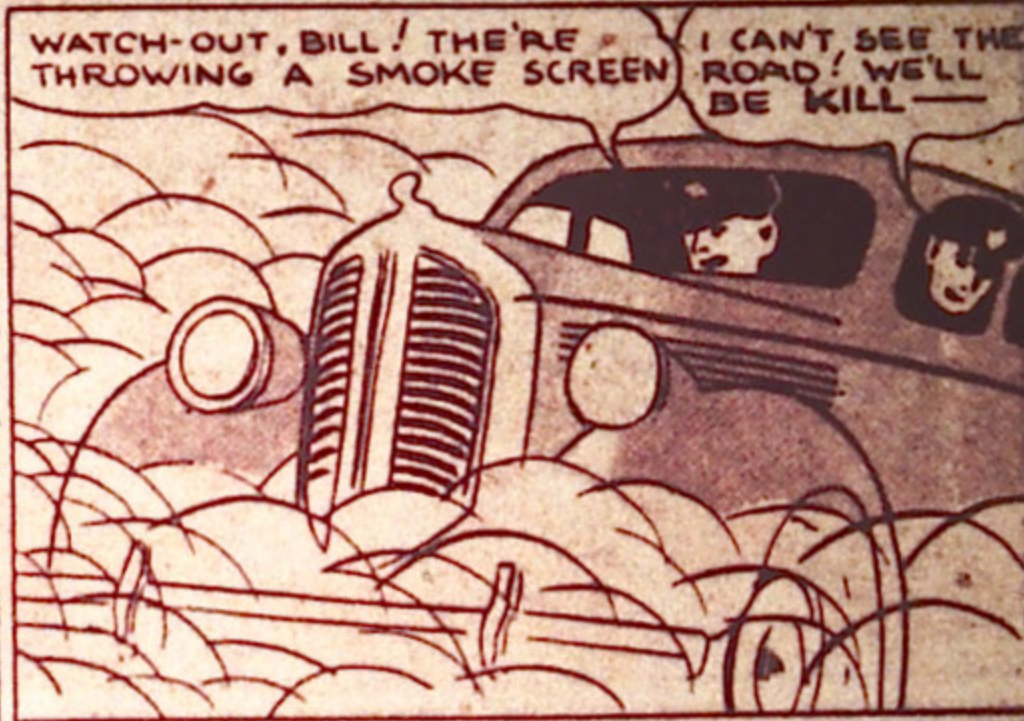


STEVE MALONE

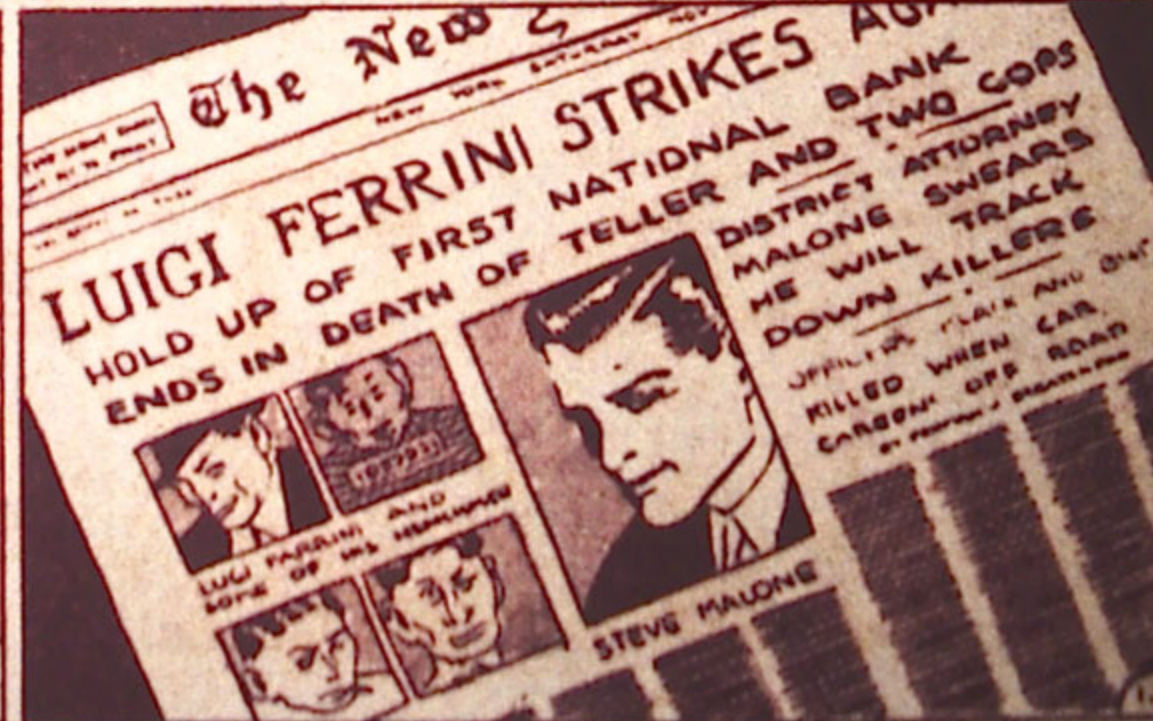
DISTRICT
ATTORNEY



LUIGI FERRINI, THE CITY'S PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1, STRIKES AGAIN

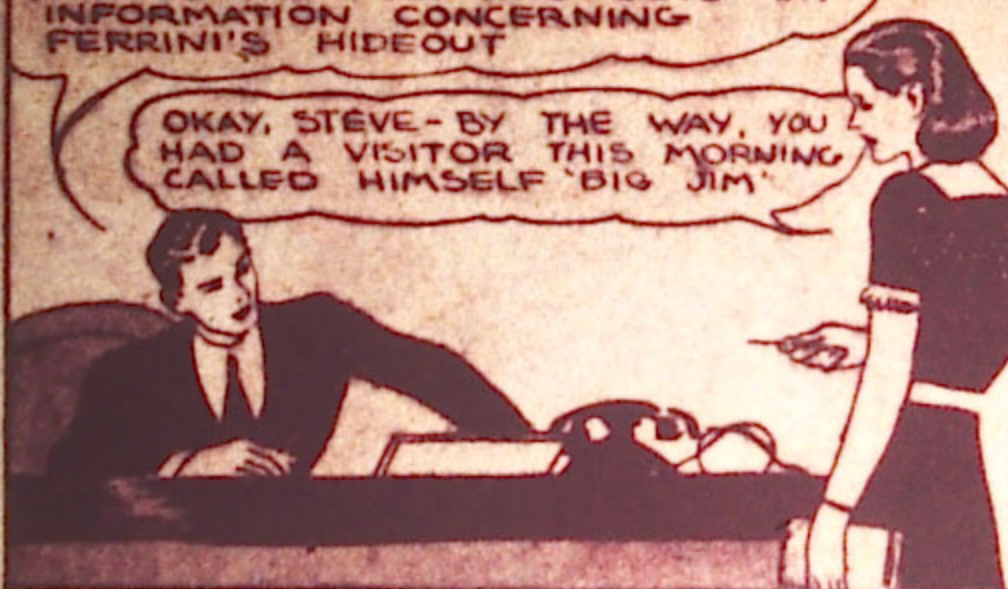


POLICE CAR CAREENS OFF THE ROAD HURLING THE COPS TO THEIR DEATH



TELL THE CHIEF TO USE EVERY AVAILABLE MAN IN TRACKING DOWN FERRINI AND I'M OFFERING \$100. TO THE MAN WHO GETS ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING FERRINI'S HIDEOUT

OKAY, STEVE - BY THE WAY, YOU HAD A VISITOR THIS MORNING CALLED HIMSELF 'BIG JIM'



NOT 'BIG JIM', THE RUSSIAN. I ONCE HAD TO BEG A JUDGE TO FORGIVE JIM FOR TAKING APART A RIVER-FRONT DIVE - THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE SWORE ETERNAL GRATITUDE

MAYBE THAT'S WHY HE WAS HERE TO-DAY! PERHAPS HE THINKS HE CAN HELP YOU IN THE FERRINI CASE



BY HARRY, I THINK YOUR RIGHT! ANYWAY I'M GOING TO PLAY THAT HUNCH. GET THE CHIEF AGAIN. TELL HIM TO SPREAD THE ALARM THAT I WANT BIG JIM.



CALLING ALL CARS BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR BIG JIM. HE'S SIX FEET SIX AND BUILT LIKE A TRUCK. IF YOU FIND HIM TELL HIM STEVE MALONE WANTS HIM. THAT IS ALL.



ANYBODY ELSE WANT TO OFFER THE INSULK TO BIG JIM?



BETTER GRAB YOUR NIGHT-STICK, BILL. I THINK WE HAVE A LITTLE WORK INSIDE



IT SOUNDS LIKE A DESCRIPTION OF THAT GAY RUSSIAN THAT WAS JUST BROADCAST

SO IT IS THAT YOU ARE A FRIEND OF STEVE MALONE, VAL, WHEN STEVE WANTS ME I GO



THE POLICE RETURN WITH THEIR QUARRY.

SO, IT MINE OLD FRIEND STEVE!

THATS RIGHT, JIM AND I SEE THAT YOU ARE UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS AGAIN!



WELL, WHEN I COME TO SEE YOU DIS MORNIN AN YOU AIN'T HERE - ZOOM, I'M OFF ON ZE - HOW YOU SAY IT - TEAR AGAIN!

WELL, WE'LL DISCUSS YOUR CONDUCT LATER! WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE THIS MORNING?



JIM, I ZINK I CAN HALP YOU FIND ZIS FERRINI!

WHAT, FERRINI!



VUNCE I OVERHEAR A FELLOW TALKING TO HIS GIRL FREN AND HE'S TELLING HER WHAT A SWELL HIDEOUT HAS HIS BOSS, FERRINI - AND WHERE IT IS - SO WHEN I READ ABOUT THIS FELLA I COME HERE

BOY, IS THIS A BREAK! JEANNE, CALL A CAR. JIM AND I HAVE WORK TO DO



MEANWHILE THE SHADES OF NIGHT SHIELD ANOTHER CAR AS IT PICKS ITS WAY ALONG A DESOLATE COUNTRY ROAD

SAY, BOSS, DIS BUSINESS IS GETTIN TOO RISKY! DESE COPPERS ARE GETTIN HOT!

LISTEN, LUG MAYBE YOU'D LIKE ME TO SHUT YOUR YAP FER YA. ONLY SUCKERS GET CAUGHT, SEE! AND FERRINI'S SMART, SEE!



BUT, LUIGI, WHY DIDN'T WE COME RIGHT OUT HERE YESTERDAY INSTEAD OF TURNING AROUND AND HIDING IN THE CITY?

LISTEN, YA PUNK, IF WE DIDNT TURN BACK AFTER WE BUMPED OFF DOSE COPPERS WE'D BE PICKED UP FER SURE. HERES DA JOINT - NOW REMEMBER, YOU PUNKS, NO LIGHTS



LUIGI - FERRINI'S HIDEOUT

HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOUSE GUYS
DAT I WANT DOSE SHADES DRAWN. DO
YOU WANT SOME SNOOPIN COPPER TO
COME AROUND ASKING QUESTIONS



BY ALL THE RUSSIAN GODS, DET
WAS A CLOSE VON, STEVE!



YOU TAKE THE BACK DOOR, JIM, AND
I'LL TAKE THE FRONT. WHEN I BLOW
MY WHISTLE WORK FAST!

VATCH
MINE
SMOKE!

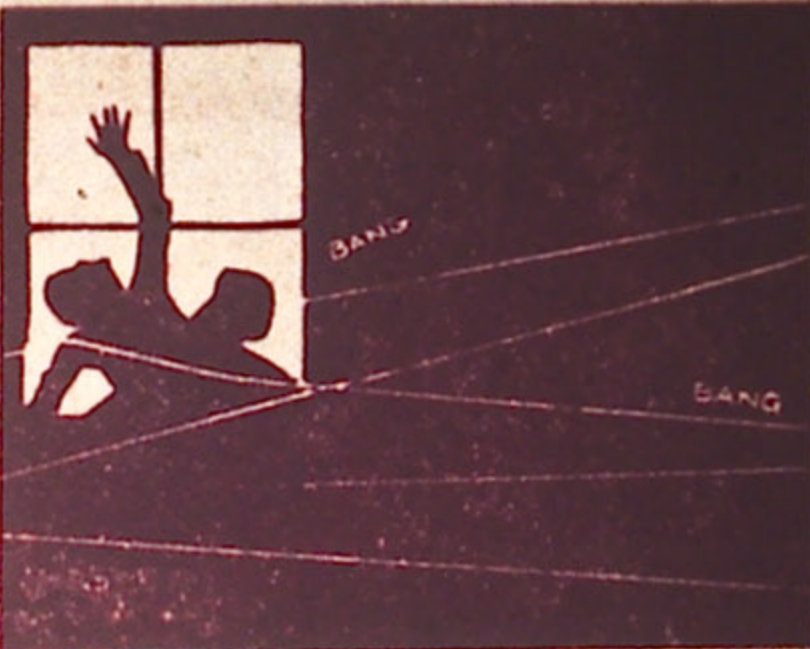


RAISE 'EM HIGH, FERRINI.
IT'S THE LAW! -



HE'LL NEVER TAKE
ME ----

CHEEZ, ITS
DA LAW!



FERRINI BLOWS OUT THE CANDLE

ALL RIGHT BY ME BUT MEBBE THESE
FELLAS ARE LITTLE NOT ALL RIGHT

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT,
JIM?



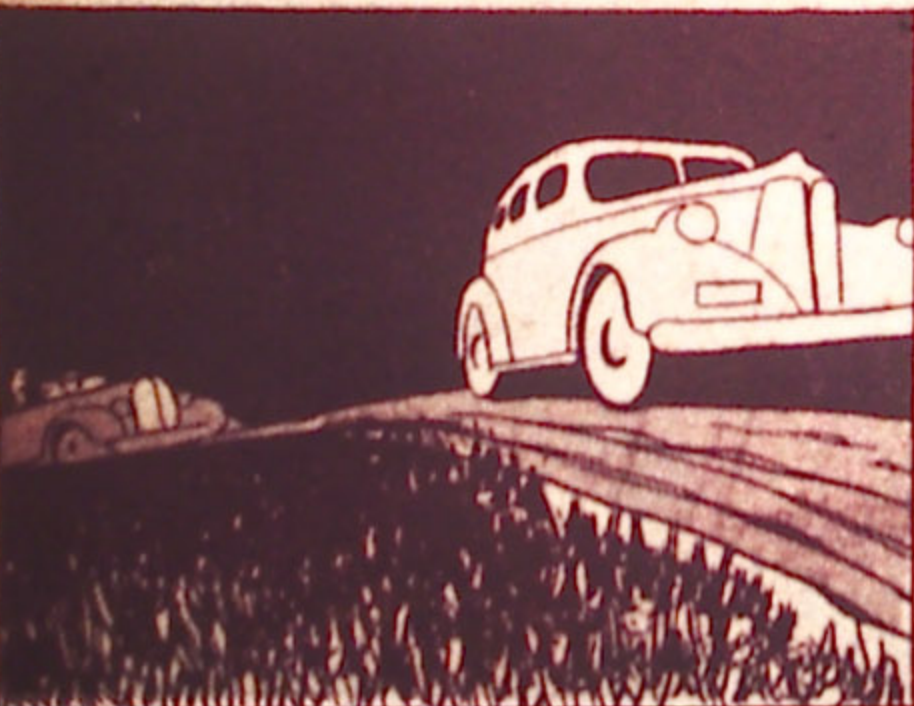
WAIT A MINUTE --- /
FARRINI'S MISSING!



COME ON, JIM, FERRINI
MUST NOT ESCAPE!



THE SOUND OF AN AUTOMOBILE ENGINE
COMES FROM OUTSIDE



HIS CAR IS GETTING
OUT OF PISTOL
RANGE



HE'S GOT US AT A
BIG DISADVANTAGE.
HE KNOWS THESE
ROADS AND WE
DON'T

FERRINI'S CAR IS TURNING
DOWN THAT ROAD



LOOKS LIKE HE'S
CROSSING THAT FIELD

THAT'S JUST WHAT HE'S DOING. HE'S
MAKING FOR THAT - WHY, IT'S A HANGER
AND THERE'S AN AIRPLANE
IN FRONT

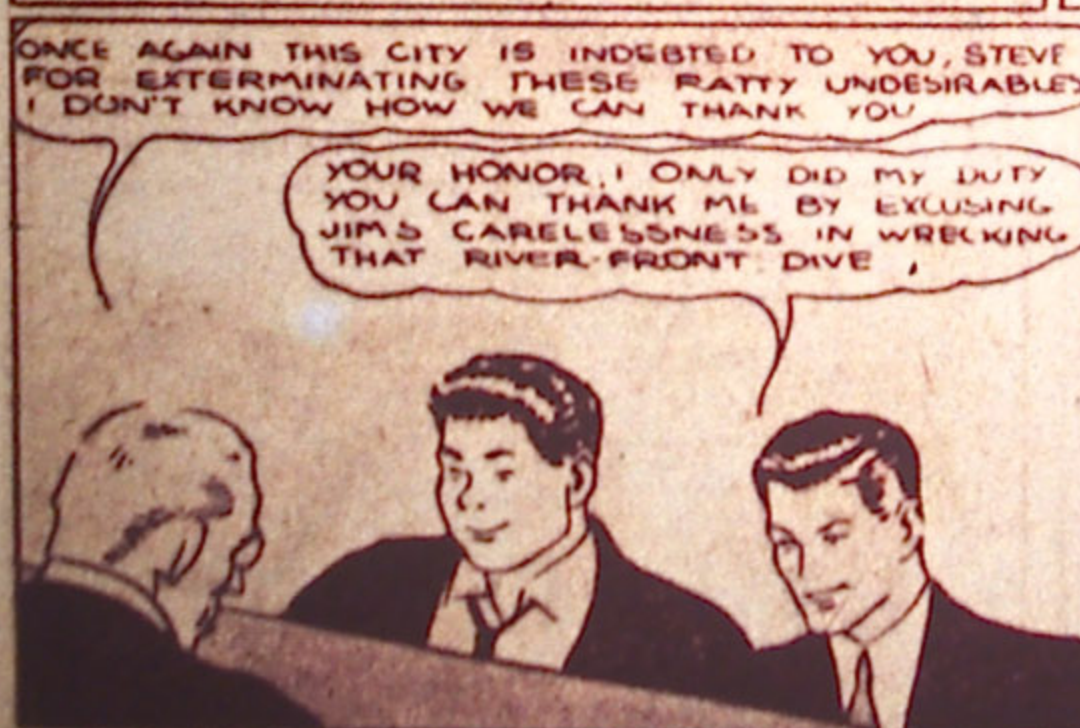
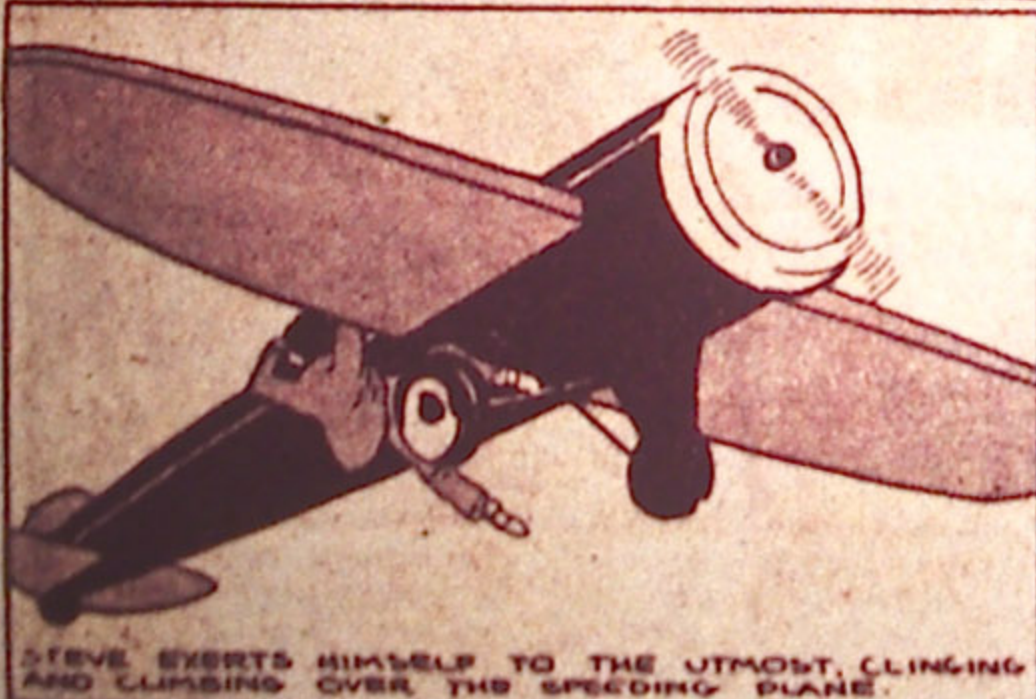
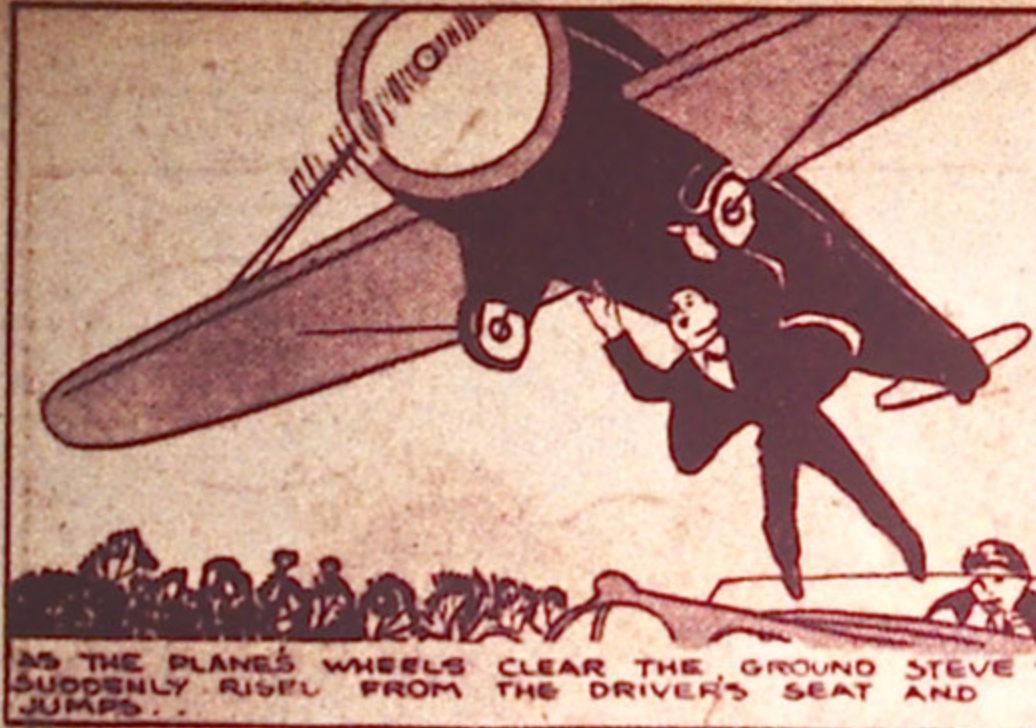


FERRINI HOPS OUT OF CAR AND
DASHES MADLY FOR PLANE

HE'S GOT THE MOTOR
GOING, THE PLANES
MOVING!



GRAB THE WHEEL.
THIS IS OUR ONLY
CHANCE. YOU GO
BACK FOR THE
PRISONERS



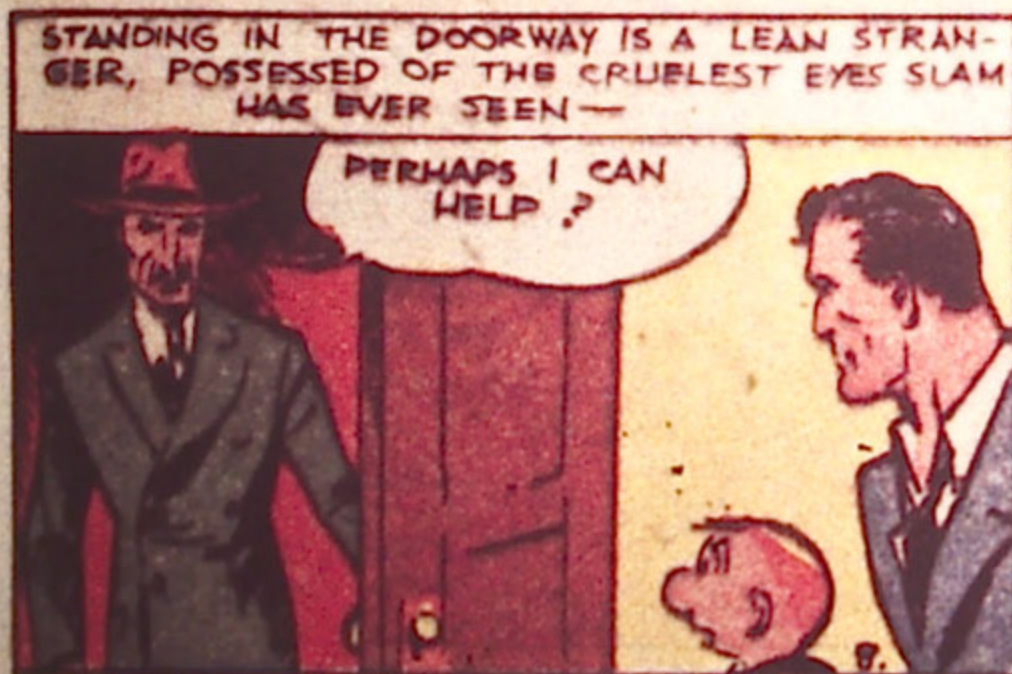
SLAM BRADLEY

JEROME
SIGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER



RETURNING FROM A SHOPPING TRIP, SHORTY ENTERS HIS APARTMENT TO BE GREETED NOT BY SLAM, AS HE EXPECTED, BUT BY A SHAGGY APE!





AN APE WITH THREE TOES -
A MEAN-LOOKING MUG WHO SAVVIES MONKEY
TALK! WE'RE
GONNA LOOK
INTO THIS!

TROUBLE, HERE
WE COME!



AS THEY REACH THE STREET — . . .

THERE HE GOES!



15.

THE HARD-EYED STRANGER IS DRIVING A TRUCK,
WITH THE APE IMPRISONED WITHIN . . .



HE SEEMS TO BE IN QUITE A HURRY!

WELL, OUR LI'L BUS CAN
MATCH AN' RUN CIRCLES!
AROUND HIM ANYTIME!



NOW WHAT THE DICKENS WOULD AN
APE BE DOING INSIDE A MUSEUM?

I ALWAYS THOUGHT
THEY KEPT THEM
THINGS IN A ZOO



WELL, HERE'S WHERE WE
FIND OUT!

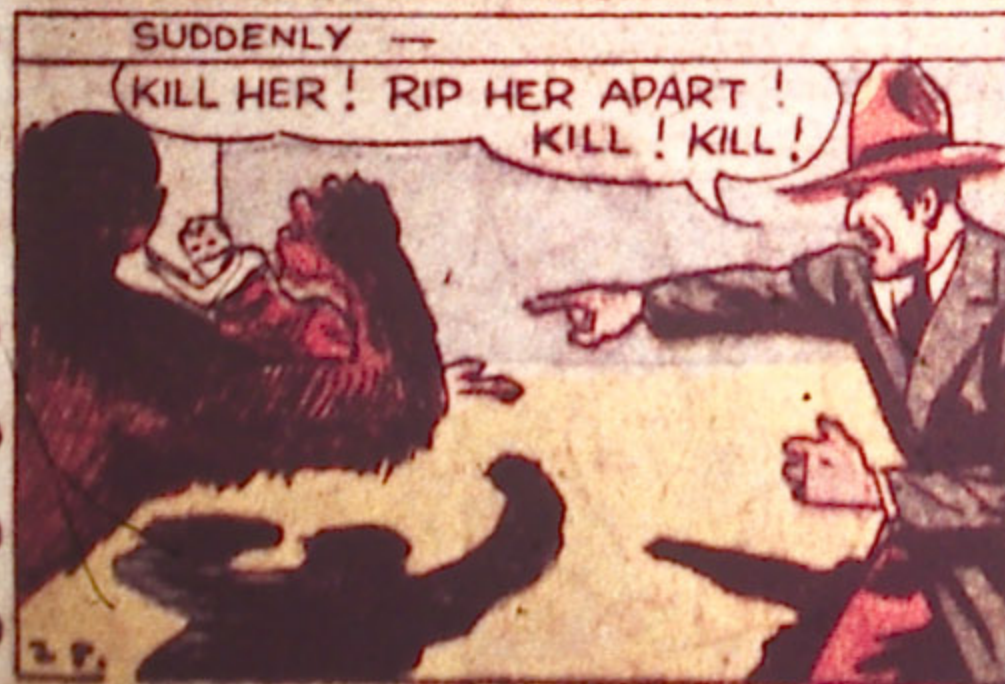
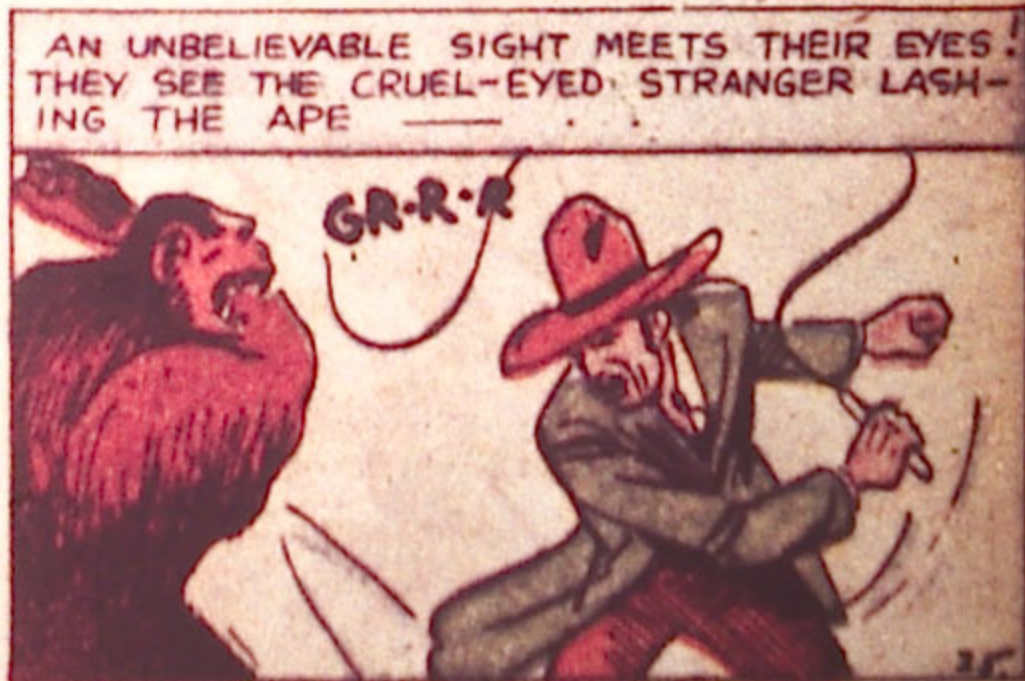
WHAT! ME GO IN
THERE? NO-SIR!
THAT WOULD BE HOUSE-
BREAKING! AND
BESIDES - I'M
SCARED!



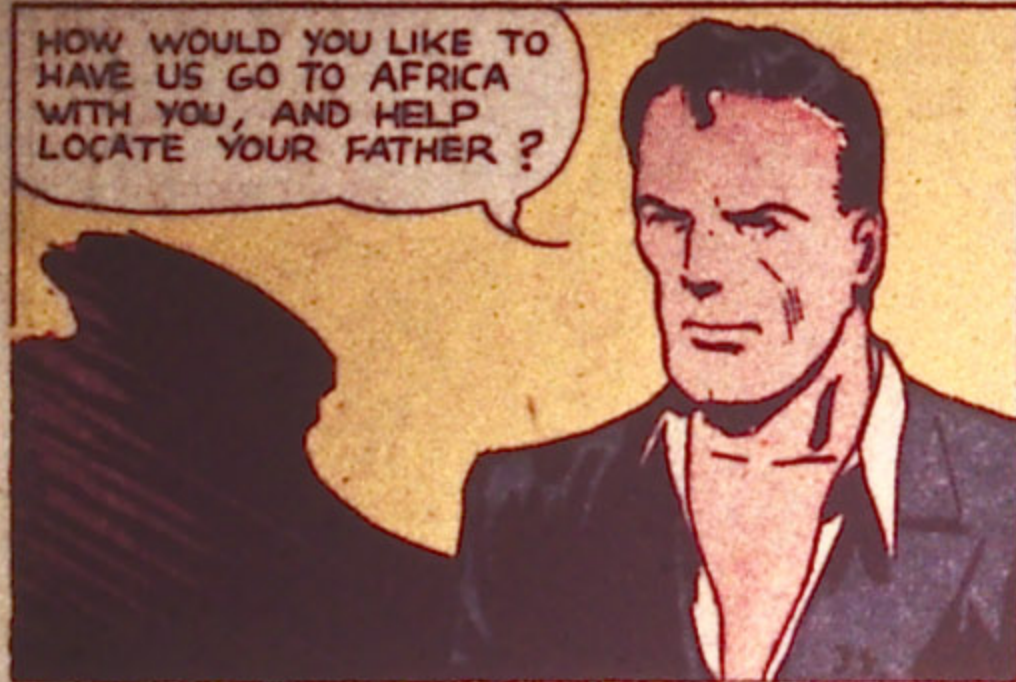
QUIT CHATTERING YOUR
TEETH SO LOUD!
YOU'LL GIVE US
AWAY!



21.







CALM DOWN — WHAT DID YOU SEE ?

TH' APE ! TH' APE WITH THREE TOES !

YEAH ? — WE'RE LOOKING INTO THIS !

BOY, WAS I SURPRISED !

SURE ENOUGH ! IT'S THE SAME BEAST, ALL RIGHT !

HELLO, UGLY !

SHORTY, THIS MEANS ONLY ONE THING ! THE APE'S MASTER IS SOMEWHERE ON BOARD ! — KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR HIM ! — HE'S DANGEROUS !

AS SLAM AND SHORTY LEAVE THE HOLD THEY ARE SURREPTITIOUSLY OBSERVED BY A BEWHISKERED PASSENGER WHO IS NONE OTHER THAN THE APE'S OWNER IN DISGUISE !

SEVERAL DAYS LATER — ...

WELL, THERE'S NO SIGN OF THAT GUY ON THIS SHIP — HE MUST NOT BE ON BOARD

IN THAT CASE, WE CAN RELAX A LITTLE.

THAT EVENING — A DARK FIGURE SLIPS INTO THE CABIN OCCUPIED BY SLAM AND SHORTY

— ... IT RAISES A DAGGER OVER THE HEAD OF THE SLEEPING SLAM ! ...

53

AS THE BLADE DESCENDS, SLAM KICKS UPWARD —



— AS THE FIGURE WHIRLS TO FLEE, SLAM LEAPS FOR IT!



I CAN'T PERMIT YOU TO DEPART, WITHOUT FIRST GIVING YOU THE ATTENTION A HOST OWES HIS GUEST!



THE COWARDLY ASSAILANT TEARS LOOSE — SLAM RACES IN PURSUIT....



ABRUPTLY, THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN SLIPS, FALLS OVER THE RAIL...



WELL, THAT FINISHES YOU!



WHEN SLAM RETURNS TO HIS CABIN — —

WHERE YA BEEN?
WHAT'S HAPPENED?

NOT MUCH — A KILLER
TRIED TO SLIT OUR GIZZARDS.
THAT'S ALL — BUT
HE'S DEAD NOW!



SLAM, HOWEVER, IS WRONG! — WHILE FALLING, THE APE'S KEEPER HAD CLUTCHED A TRAILING ROPE — AND NOW HE CLIMBS THRU A PORTHOLE TO SAFETY!



DAYS ELAPSE — THEN AFRICA IS REACHED

I WANT YOU TO WATCH
AND SEE WHAT
HAPPENS TO THE
APE, SHORTY!

I GET IT! OUR
WOULD-BE MURDER-
ER MIGHT HAVE HAD
FELLOW CONSPIR-
ATORS!

62.

HERE I SIT, AND
HERE I STAY!
NOTHIN' CAN MAKE ME
MOVE 'TILL I'M GOOD
AN' READY!

63.

NOTHING?

SHORTY — AND THE
APE — BOTH
GONE!

WHERE CAN THEY
BE!

64.

THERE'S EVIDENCE HERE OF A STRUGGLE —
MY GUESS IS THAT SHORTY
WAS KIDNAPPED!

THE ENTIRE SHIP IS SEARCHED, BUT NO SIGN
OF SHORTY IS FOUND!

SLAM LINGERS A WEEK IN THE PORT, UNTIL HE
IS ASSURED BY THE TOWN OFFICIAL

IF THERE WERE ANY SIGN OF
YOUR FRIEND, WE'D HAVE
FOUND HIM — GORRY, BUT
THERE'S NO HOPE!

POOR SHORTY! I — I STILL
CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

65.

WHAT DO WE DO
NOW?

ORGANIZE A GROUP OF
NATIVES AND PRESS
THE SEARCH
FOR YOUR
FATHER

66.

PENETRATING FAR INTO THE JUNGLE, SLAM ONE DAY MAKES AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY



PART OF SHORTY'S CLOTHES! — GOOD OL' SHORTY! HE'S ALIVE AND LEAVING A TRAIL FOR US TO FOLLOW!



BUT SLAM'S APPREHENSION WOULD HAVE INCREASED, HAD HE NOTICED THE HIDDEN MENACE IN HIS NATIVE-CARRIERS' EYES . . .



ABRUPTLY SLAM AND THE GIRL ARE SEIZED BY THE NATIVES . . .



OUT FROM BEHIND SOME JUNGLE GROWTH—



DOG! — ENOUGH OF YOUR INSOLENCE!



THE PARTY CONTINUES ON INTO THE JUNGLE FASTNESS, WITH SLAM, BETTY AND SHORTY AS CAPTIVES



THE PARTY PASSES THRU A WATERFALL INTO AN UNDERGROUND CAVERN



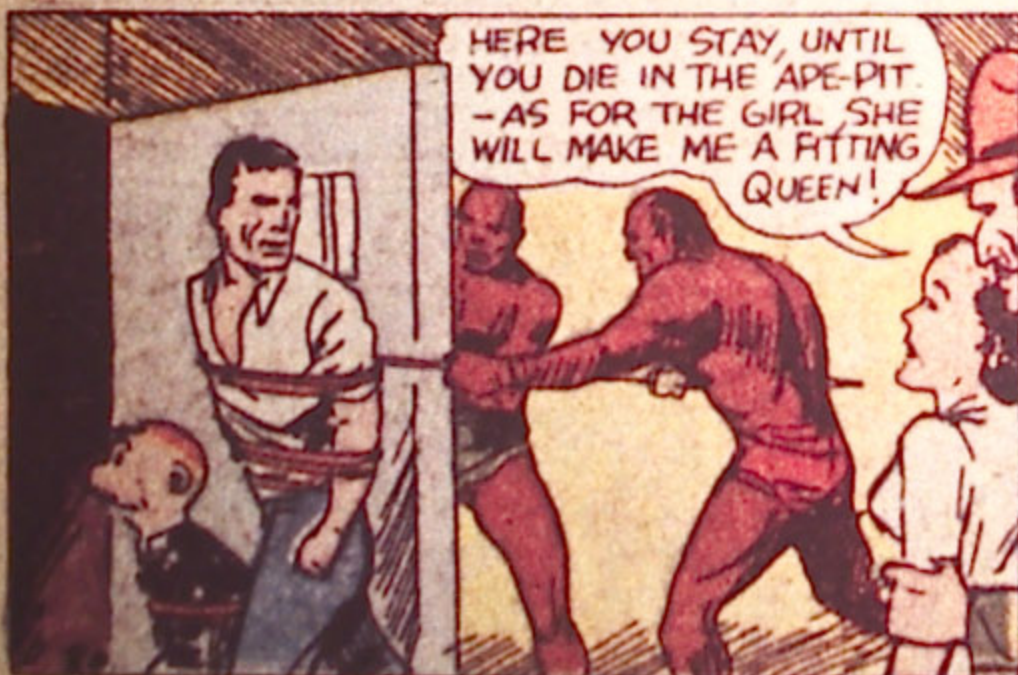
THEY CROSS A LONG, PRECARIOUS BRIDGE
SUSPENDED OVER A HIGH CHASM . . .



. . . AFTER WHICH THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN A
WEIRD UNDERGROUND CITY OF JEERING APE-
MEN .



HERE YOU STAY, UNTIL
YOU DIE IN THE APE-PIT.
-AS FOR THE GIRL, SHE
WILL MAKE ME A FITTING
QUEEN!



SLAM AND SHORTY FIND ANOTHER MAN IN
THEIR CELL . . .



LATER - . . .

TAKE THESE WHIPS
- FOLLOW
ME!



INTO THE APE-PIT THEY ARE SHOVED, ALONG
WITH OTHER CAPTIVES, ARMED ONLY WITH
LONG WHIPS . . .



AT THE OTHER END OF THE APE-PIT A
HORDE OF CAGED, ENRAGED THREE-TOED
APES ROAR TO BE RELEASED!



THE APES ARE FREED! - AND COMMENCE
THEIR DASH TOWARD THE SMALL HAND -
FUL OF DOOMED MEN!



FRANTICALLY WIELDED WHIPS KEEP THE APES AT BAY, BUT IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF MOMENTS BEFORE THE APES WILL EMERGE VICTORIOUS

86.



IN THE STADIUM —

BEHOLD, MY SWEET! IN MY GREAT GENEROSITY I HAVE SPARED YOU FROM THAT FATE!

87.



TEARING HERSELF FREE, BETTY LEAPS IN — TO THE APE-PIT!

FATHER! — SLAM! I'M COMING!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE —!

I'D RATHER DIE — WITH YOU!



IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT, THEN DIE! — I'LL ENJOY WATCHING YOU BEING TORN APART!



SLAM ACTS! — HE FLINGS HIS LONG WHIP UPWARD —

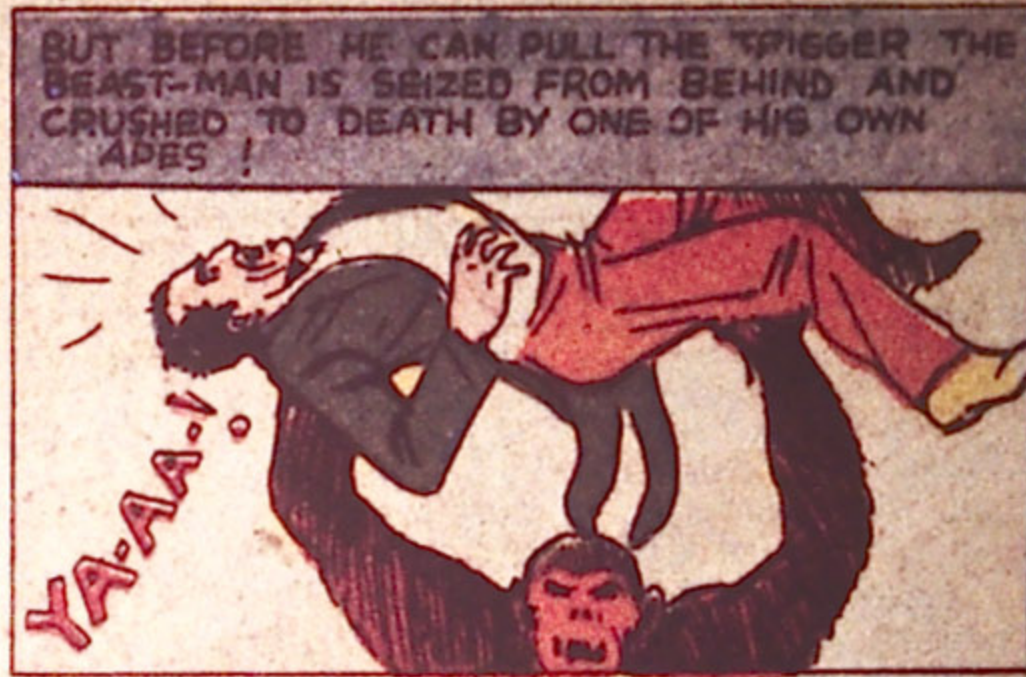


— IT CURLS ABOUT THEIR ENEMY'S THROAT —



— AND HE IS JERKED INTO THE APE-PIT, ALONGSIDE HIS CAPTIVES!





DETECTIVE PUZZLES

HERE'S A MYSTERIOUS REBUS NOTE WHICH WAS FOUND AND READ BY THE CLEVER G-MAN, DICK SHAW. IT ENABLED HIM TO DISCOVER THE DEN OF TWO GANGSTERS WHO WERE CAUGHT THERE. CAN YOU READ THE PICTURES FROM LEFT TO RIGHT?



HELP! HELP!

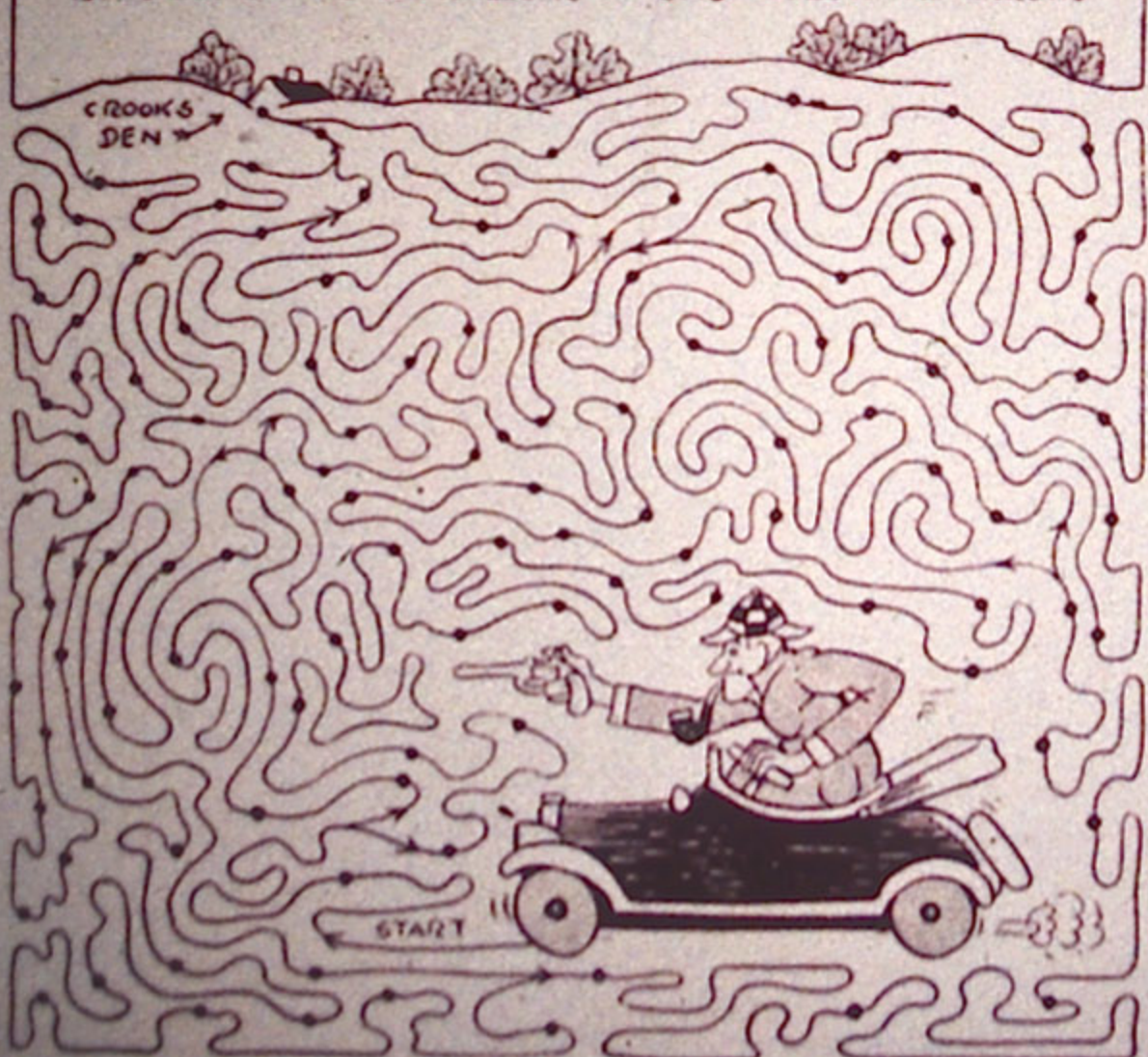
HELP DICK SHAW'S BLOODHOUND FIND THE STOLEN PRIZE PET... HERE'S A CLEW —

SHADE IN ALL THE LITTLE DOTTED SECTIONS WITH A PENCIL

SNIF! SNIF!



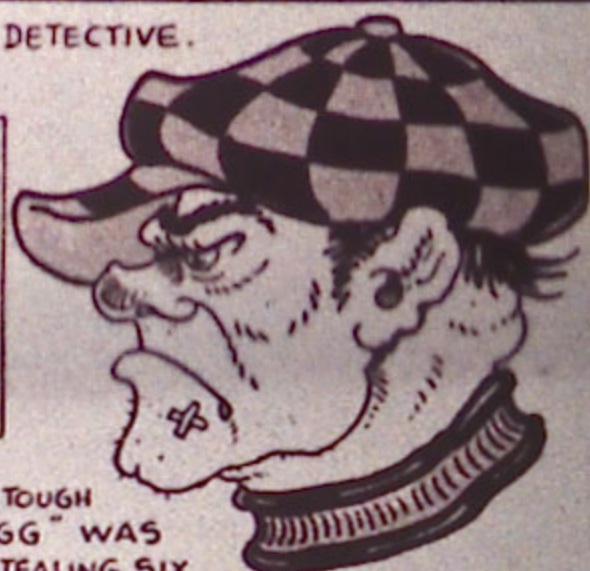
DICK SHAW THE FAMOUS SLEUTH IS HOT ON THE TRAIL OF TWO NOTORIOUS CROOKS. THEY ARE ABOUT TO ESCAPE FROM THEIR DEN IN THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS. DICK HAS ONLY 30 GALLONS OF GAS IN HIS CAR. THIS MEANS THAT HE WILL HAVE TO CHOOSE A SHORT ROUTE TO GET THERE BEFORE HIS GAS IS EXHAUSTED. START FROM THE CAR AND FOLLOW ALONG THE CROOKED ROADS, COUNTING EACH DOT YOU PASS AS ONE GALLON OF GAS USED. LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN LEAD HIM TO THE CROOKS' HIDEOUT BEFORE HE RUNS OUT OF THE 30 GALLONS OF GAS. FOLLOW THE ARROWS.



BE A DETECTIVE.

	U	B
	E	N
	R	E
	O	P
	X	E
	A	W

THIS TOUGH "YEGG" WAS CAUGHT STEALING SIX ARTICLES IF YOU PRINT HIS FIRST NAME IN THE ROW OF SQUARES READING DOWNWARD. THE COMBINED LETTERS READING ACROSS WILL SPELL THE NAMES OF THE STOLEN GOODS.



HEH!
HEH!

DICK SAID, "I AM ON, DON'T MEET ME OVER IN GEORGE'S STORE. TAKE THAT RAY, JUST KEEP WATCHING MABEL TOO."



LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE WITH DICK SHAW. TRY TO FIND THE NAMES OF FIVE STOLEN ARTICLES HIDDEN IN THE ABOVE SENTENCES. HERE'S A CLUE. READ THE LETTERS IN ROTATION FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

